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THE SESSION.

HAVING now entered on a new meeting of Parliament, it is natural that we should anticipate the chief topics of discussion, and compare notes with our readers as to the line that we think ought to be taken up by them. Parliament, now-a-days, is a kind of echo of the public, and half its most conspicuous members are dependent for the daily bread of their thought and information on the newspapers.

Topics will naturally arrange themselves in the order which they assume in public attention. And both for width and depth of interest, and also for kind of interest, India is the subject which claims precedence. Admitting that the money question is the immediate cause of the sitting of the House, still nothing can long keep a-head of a matter which alike stirs the passion, the nationality, and the curiosity of the public.

Since we last said anything on the Indian struggle, another mail has added its batch of tidings to the strange history. The effect of news is not to change the great features of affairs (*that* we must wait for till Sir Colin moves in force); but still to illustrate the struggle, and to give hope of the future. That there are bad bits of intelligence cannot be denied. Havelock and Outram were, by the last accounts, in a position of very critical difficulty. Europeans were still in danger in isolated places of Central India—for mutiny still explodes here and there, after having exhausted its first grand force. The transport difficulty, which we expressed our fears of some time since, was beginning to be heavily felt at Calcutta. Now, it is proper that these various dangers should be looked in the face—not for crumblings' sake (as in the detestable way with some journals), but for truth's—and to prevent our future stultification. On the other hand, the immense success of our arms, whenever there is anything like a fair chance for them, receives fresh illustration by the same mail. Here we have Gieath's march to wonder over—a display which recalls the Latin poet's epithet—"thunderbolt of war." With such men, capable of thrashing such odds, ultimate triumph is sure. And this is the answer to croakers. For a fortnight, the croaker has a good theme; but then it is not ordinary war that we are dealing with; and however imposing an enemy looks, what can he do if he runs with a majority of twenty over one? Were this a war only, in the strict sense, it would scarcely excite any anxiety here. Indians are terrible, because capable of any atrocity, and because, in certain places, they may still have a chance of perpetrating more.

When duly considered, it will appear that the question grows more

and more one of reinforcements. Parliament will not fail to consider this point, both in relation to past and future. It is certain, that in sending them out, we fell short of the urgency of the occasion and of the resources of the country. We suspect that the Directors were unwilling to believe the worst as long as possible, but this does not altogether justify the Ministry—and the whole tone of Ministers has since proved to have been abundantly absurd. A difference of three weeks in the arrival of half a regiment makes all the difference in a thing like this; and though our men have done wonders without help from England, let us remember what scenes such help might have hindered. To thrash such foes in battle is easy, and no triumph of the kind can make up for one massacre.

Questions like this of transport will prepare the way for a general criticism of our Eastern government. The causes of the mutiny will, we hope, be left for discussion by and by. But the policy that is to succeed its suppression is a pressing matter. The first duty of sensible men is to back up Europeans in India in their fervid desire for "vigorous" measures. Lord Canning is in the hands of the Civil Service, and the time requires martial law. If the public does not make it clear that it sees the position, we shall have the "mild Hindoo" cant rampant, and amnesty everywhere instead of court-martial.

We apprehend that no more popular step could be taken by Government than the transference of the last rag of the Company's power formally and finally to the British Crown. The delays, the confusion, the intricacies of the double government are notorious. The Company's patronage has already all the evils of an oligarchy. But then that patronage must be put on a new and a popular footing at the time when it changes hands. Why not kill two birds, &c., by making the Crown supreme in mass and in detail, and giving away the offices according to the latest "competitive" principle? This would be a real practical reform, whereas that respectable name is generally confined to schemes which end in giving sections of the middle class the power of sharing patronage with the aristocracy, and in leaving the people and the friendless intellect of the country as helpless as they were before. By the way, it may be anticipated that the Company's rule will be defended on the ground that it is more popular than that of the Crown. We are aware that it once was; but of late a commercial oligarchy—old men and old women, holding stock—have jobbed the patronage of that vast empire in a way which had much to do with the recent mutiny. Of course, the

Company has had among its servants good and brave men; you would get some of these if you drew them by lot or by caprice from the British people; if you stopped folk at random in the Strand, or took nobody who had not been born on a Wednesday. Infallibly, however, you would get more by a strict and honourable selection of the meritorious from all classes of the kingdom. Such a system is possible, if real reformers unite their energies to get up a new and nineteenth century India Bill.

It would be worth postponing the Reform Bill, indeed, if we could hope for such, and honest as distinct from factions reformers will agree with us in this. But, if nothing is forthcoming of this comprehensive kind, and since we foresee that the money question will end in some patch-up of the existing system with perhaps no very prolonged discussion, why, then, it will be time to consider what the Reform Bill is to be postponed for. Not, we hope, in any case from the mere wish to stave off a trouble which must be undertaken some day, and which Lord John Russell will probably use for a renewal of that career which we have for some time hoped is pretty well at an end. His Lordship is always on the look-out for a convenient grievance. Already, it would seem, he has another Jew bill, though the country is lamentably indifferent to the subject, because, though unwilling to persecute the religion, it does not like the race. These general measures, of which he is so fond (and all the arguments for which he borrowed from the men of letters of his party), are now at this disadvantage, that they have been put forward with too much pretension and have produced a revulsion of feeling. We touched on this topic last week, in showing under what conditions a new Reform Bill ought to be postponed. Let us now add a caution, not to those who trade on Reform Bills, but to the great mass to whose sympathies they aspire. If we have a bill brought forward when there is anything less than a national interest in the whole subject, that bill will prove a job. It may be a Whig Reform, or a Manchester Reform, but it will not be a national Reform; and at this time of day we ought to be content with nothing less. If we meddle with the representation at all, let the whole question of small boroughs, working-man suffrage, and educational suffrage, be fairly considered. It will require a whole session, and a session would we wisely spent upon it. Can we afford that session just now? It is a question for the country; and if Lord Palmerston sees the country ready and willing, he is far too old a hand to allow himself to be jockeyed out of his popularity by an intrigue.



RECRUITING: SCENE AT THE HAMPSHIRE HOG, CHARLES STREET, WESTMINSTER.—"HOW MERRY WE LIVE WHO SOLDIERS BE."—(SEE PAGE 379.)



Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE Corps Legislatif was opened on Saturday by M. Achille Fould, who read a short message from the Emperor, to the effect that the present session was formal merely, and that the session for the despatch of business would be opened on January 18th.

The democratic deputies, Darimon and Ollivier, took the oath of allegiance without offering any difficulty. As to Carnot, Godeaux and Henon, they gave in their resignation in the following terms:—"M. President,—The existing laws exact from members elected to the Legislative Body an oath to which I cannot subscribe. I have the honour to tender you my resignation." It is said to be contemplated by the Government to propose that the present electoral law shall be so amended as that no individual shall present himself as a candidate to the electors without previously binding himself to take the oath in case of election.

M. Fould is said to have negotiated a treaty between the Banks of France and England. However, the rumour that he was instructed by the Emperor to sound the English Cabinet on the question of the Principalities has not yet passed away.

The "Moniteur" states that the Imperial clemency has reduced the number of political prisoners at Belle Ile to 80. Originally, after the days of June, there were 1,500 there. The island is to be at once evacuated, and the remaining prisoners placed elsewhere till their sentences expire.

Four ships of war are under sailing orders at Toulon to co-operate with our fleet in the Chinese waters.

France has escaped exceedingly well from commercial difficulties. Most of the manufacturers and merchants had been very cautious in their operations before the storm came on, and thus it affected them but little, though some have had to submit to temporary sacrifices. The treasure in the Bank of France continues to increase.

SPAIN.

THE Queen of Spain gave birth to a little Prince on Saturday morning. According to the laws of Spain, he will bear the title of Prince of the Asturias, as heir presumptive to the throne. We are told that "it is on all sides repeated that the King has declared he will not present the royal offspring to the members of the diplomatic body and the public authorities. It is an ancient custom for the King to exhibit the newly-born infant on a large silver salver to the numerous persons who have the privilege of attending the palace on the occasion, and this is looked upon as the first act of paternal recognition."

About 1,000 sailors had been, or were to be, sent off to reinforce the fleet at Cuba.

AUSTRIA.

A VIENNA letter in the "Allgemeine Zeitung" gives some trustworthy information with regard to the protest said to have been made by England, France, and Austria, against the proclamation of the Russian Government, according to which only the three harbours of Anapa, Suchum Kaleh, and Roudout Kaleh have been opened to foreign commerce. Those three Powers did not protest jointly, but each of them demanded explanations from the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. Prince Gortschakoff replied that because the measure required by the treaty of Paris had not yet been able to be taken in the other ports, only those three harbours had till now been opened. Austria had declared herself satisfied with this explanation.

PRUSSIA.

THE King has been removed from Potsdam to Charlottenburg without any injurious consequences, and he continues to take longer and longer drives every day, and even on the same day to walk for some little time in addition. It appears, however, to be pretty generally understood that in the course of January the King will carry out the original plan of repairing to a more southernly climate, and that the powers intrusted to the Prince of Prussia will be prolonged beyond the three months originally appointed, and which will expire on the 23rd of that month.

RUSSIA.

THE Russian official journal confirms the report that the relations of Russia and China have become unfriendly, in consequence of the Government of Peking having refused to receive the Russian Ambassador. It declares that not only has China violated existing treaties, but she has declared her insolence so far as to place herself in opposition to the whole of Europe. The article states that serious events may be expected to take place in China, and its tenor indicates that Russia will not remain a passive spectator of what is going on.

ITALY.

THE act of accusation against the Genoese conspirators is accompanied by a host of details relating to the preparations for, and incidents of, the attempt of the 29th of June. Miss White is not named in the document, but is referred to as a young Englishwoman who arrived in Genoa from London, preceded by prodigal encomiums in the newspaper "Italia del Popolo." She said that she came for the study of literature; meanwhile, she surrounded herself with members of the Workmen's Society, to which belonged nearly all the persons accused, and lodged in the house of a hatter, Luigi Reggero, a chief of the society, and one of those conspirators who escaped. It is further stated that the lady in question attended meetings of the society, and spoke in favour of the Republic, and that she took charge of sums raised by subscription for the purchase of arms. Full particulars are given of the arms and ammunition found in numerous places of concealment, in various warehouses and dwelling-houses in and near Genoa, and in a cave of Mount Portofino. The total number of these arms was very considerable, and there were also found carpentering and engineering tools, ladders, and bags of powder with fuses attached, prepared for blowing in gates. Among the arms were some hundred daggers, and triangular files ground into poniards.

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE has left Constantinople, en route for England.

Ten battalions, forming an effective force of from 6,000 to 7,000, have been concentrated near Widdin. This movement was ordered immediately on the receipt of the news of the attempt to assassinate the Prince of Serbia.

The "Independence Belge" says:—"Our private correspondence from Constantinople of the 18th announces that M. Thouvenel has just officially demanded, in the name of the French Government, the assent of Turkey to the isthmus of Suez scheme. This demand has produced considerable impression on the Ottoman Cabinet, which immediately met to consider the project."

It is said that intrigues, intended to produce a rising in Thessaly, Roumelia, and Bulgaria, have been discovered by the Porte. Troops are being concentrated near Silistria.

A considerable number of pilgrims arrived at Beirut on the 3rd from Meccah; more than 10,000 had already passed through that place—a greater number than was ever before seen. Great mortality had prevailed among them.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

We hear that a note has been addressed by the Porte to the Powers which signed the Treaty of Paris, intimating that, in consequence of the state of the Danubian Principalities, it may become necessary to move a body of troops to the Danube.

"The Austrian Government," says a Vienna letter in the "Cologne Gazette," "has lately sent the draft of a project to Constantinople for the organisation of the Principalities. It appears to be founded on the original English scheme, but is modified in such a way as to leave out the union altogether; it retains only those dispositions which Austria, as the nearest neighbour of the country, with the state of which she is thoroughly acquainted, thinks compatible with the rights and interests of the Porte. It is thought Prussia approves of this project."

AMERICA.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has issued a proclamation declaring martial law in Utah, and forbidding the federal troops from entering without his leave. The language of this proclamation is emphatically hostile to the authority of the United States, and was regarded at Washington as a virtual declaration

of war. The news of the capture of the advanced provision trains of the United States' expedition is confirmed. There were seventy-eight wagons in all, which were appropriated by the Mormons without resistance.

Walker has sailed from New Orleans with several hundred men and four months' provisions. The Government is said to have despatched several revenue cutters after him; but nobody supposes that they will fail in with the filibuster. It was thought by some that St. Domingo, and not Nicaragua, was his destination this time.

The new Government of Nicaragua has been recognised at Washington. A treaty with Nicaragua guaranteeing the freedom of the transit route to all nations has been signed.

Commercial affairs are still improving.

A body of emigrants from Missouri and Arkansas, numbering 135, are reported to have been massacred by the Indians. 40 or 50 of the emigrants were capable of bearing arms.

CHINA.

LORD ELGIN was still at Hong Kong, at the date of the latest advices, living on board the steamer *Dea*.

A correspondent of the "Daily News" says:—"All chances of negotiation having been cut off, Lord Elgin has concerted measures with his Excellency the naval commander-in-chief for the assault and capture of the city of Canton. As far as I am able to learn, it would appear that the Admiral has arranged with the whole available force to move up to Canton on the 31st of the current month, and it is said that the French forces will co-operate; indeed, it is the thought that the Russian Admiral Poutiatine will also offer his aid."

The Court of Peking will not give any satisfaction for the murder of the French missionary, Chapdelaine; and moreover, it has given the strictest orders against the Catholics. It was feared that a religious persecution would be recommenced; indeed, we hear that a Roman Catholic bishop (a Spanish prelate) had actually been put to death, and that several missionaries were ordered for execution.

AUSTRALIA.

The reports from the Australian gold fields are good.

The Lands Bill, passed by the Melbourne Assembly, has been thrown out in the Upper House, but the Haines Ministry determined not to resign. The bill to abolish State Aid to Religion was rejected by a majority of one. Two trunk lines were to be constructed in Victoria. A license-tax of ten shillings per month per head had been imposed on the Chinese, three members of the Legislature only dissenting.

For some time past a committee of the Victoria Assembly, moved for by Mr. Gavan Duffy, has been sitting on the question of a federal union between the Australian colonies, and it has just presented a report in favour of such a measure. It is proposed "that the legislatures of New South Wales, South Australia, and Tasmania, be requested to select three delegates each, two of whom might be members of Assembly, and one a member of Council, to meet three delegates from this colony; and that these delegates assembled in conference be empowered to frame a plan of federation, to be afterwards submitted for approval either to the Colonial Legislature or directly to the people."

OPENING OF THE FRENCH LEGISLATURE.

At the opening of the French Legislative Corps on Saturday, M. Fould, Minister of State, read the following communication from the Emperor:—

"Gentlemen Deputies—According to the terms of the 46th Article of the Constitution, the Legislative Body elected after a dissolution must be convoked within the term of six months. It is in accordance with that law that his Majesty calls you together to-day before it was possible to complete the preparation of the Bills that will be brought before you."

"The Emperor has ordered me to inform you that the verification of powers and the constitution of the Legislative Body will be the object of this first meeting. The Legislative Corps will then be prorogued to the 18th of January next, for the despatch of public business."

"In the name of the Emperor I declare the session of the Legislative Corps for 1858 opened."

Count de Morny, President of the Legislative Body, then addressed the Assembly as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—I am happy at finding myself once more among you, and proud at being again called to this chair, especially if the choice his Majesty has made of me meets with your approbation. What greater happiness can there be than that of presiding over an assembly which discusses freely and conscientiously the laws of the country, and especially when that country is France? In like manner as the finest buildings are best viewed at a certain distance, so it is in like manner, at a distance from France, one is best enabled to judge how great is her position abroad, and what admiration and respect the Sovereign who governs inspires to all men."

"The loyal, and at the same time firm and moderate policy which has been followed, has replaced abroad the old prejudices which were entertained towards us by confidence and by sympathy, so that if absence has its sorrows, consolation may yet be found while afar off in that sentiment of national pride which every true Frenchman carries in his heart."

"At home, having so happily traversed severe trials, when peace was established, the series of bad harvests over were about to give us repose and prosperity, the reaction of an unexampled financial crisis has fallen upon our labour and industry."

"The establishments of credit and French commerce now prove their solidity, and gather the fruit of their prudence. France, after three successive loans, after three years of scanty harvests, having followed up the execution of public works, having endowed Paris with wonderful monuments, is not touched by the disasters which afflict so many states. All this indicates prodigious resources, and must give to the whole world a high idea of her power. Let us hope that this crisis will be of short duration."

"The solicitude of the Emperor for the popular interests cannot fail to dissipate alarm; the Emperor must also rely upon us. Was it not we who seconded his efforts in days of difficulty? Did not we enthusiastically vote all the measures of public interest brought forward by his Government; and did we not communicate to the country the enthusiasm by which we ourselves were animated?"

"Let us remain faithful to the principles which guided the preceding Legislature; let us not deviate from that policy, the programme of which was that real independence does not consist either in blind approval or in constant opposition; that harmony of the great powers of the state is the primary condition of public quiet, and that the most perfect constitution cannot work without the wisdom of man. Gentlemen, nations at times award moments of favour to those who flatter them; but they only award lasting gratitude to those who serve their true interests."

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT VINCENNES.

A DREADFUL accident took place on Sunday, between two and three o'clock, at the citadel of Vincennes. The interior of the entrance tower suddenly fell to the ground with a tremendous crash, burying in the ruins the entire spot of the military out-guard. These amounted to some twenty men, and the number of the sufferers was unfortunately augmented by the fact of one of the upper floors being used as a salie de police, where a few soldiers were at the time in confinement. A number of the bodies were extricated from the ruins, but few among the victims were found alive, and those so terribly injured that recovery is considered nearly hopeless.

The gate of the Fort of Vincennes where this accident occurred is one of the oldest parts of the building, its construction going back to the 13th century. Since that period the gate has undergone several important repairs. The roof, which was two years ago covered over with slate, was converted into a platform, without any change being made in the main arch. The arch, it is said, then presented an appearance of solidity sufficient to support the works which were necessary for its transformation. It was laid over with sand three feet in depth, with a ledge of masonry all round in order to fit it to receive artillery. Three mortars and the same number of heavy guns were placed on it, which were afterwards found embedded in the ruins. The gate of the fort was composed of three flats raised to some height, and it was the part which is on the right-hand side as you enter the fort that fell in.

The men who were in the salie de police of the first floor to the left were roused from their sleep by the tremendous crash of the building, and half choked with dust, they dashed at the windows shouting out for help. Ladders were planted against the walls, and the bars of the windows broken in order to save them, but without much success. The number of victims amounts to eighteen.

The moment the Minister of War received an account to the catastrophe he hurried to the spot, and superintended in person the men who were clearing away the ruins. He remained till eight o'clock, when all the bodies were recovered. The Emperor, accompanied by a single aide-de-camp, proceeded at four o'clock to Vincennes, and remained on the spot till half-past five. He visited the wounded, and it is said he expressed his displeasure at the building being left in a condition which rendered such an accident possible.

THE INDIAN REVOLT.

DELHI.

FROM the date of the occupation of Delhi, up to the date of our last despatches, everything had been quiet in and about the city. It appears that the assault was delivered by four columns and a reserve; that the first column, under Brigadier Nicholson, with 950 men of the 75th, 1st Bengal Fusiliers, and 2nd Punjab Infantry, carried the breach on the proper right of the Cashmere Gate; that the second, led by Brigadier Jones, with 850 men from the 8th, 2nd Bengal Fusiliers, and 4th Sikh Infantry, that on the proper left of the Water Bastion; that the advance of these bodies of assailants was covered by the 60th Rifles; that the 3rd and 4th columns, of the 32nd, with the third column of 200 of his own regiment and 750 Punjabees and Goorkhas, forced an entrance at the Cashmere Gate, so gallantly blown open by Lieutenants Salkell and Home, of the Engineers; that the reserve, under Brigadier Longfield, 1,500 strong, entered subsequently at the various points of assault, and enabled the three other columns to clear the walls and to push on into the city; and that the fourth column, of Goorkhas, the Guides, and the Jummah Contingent, under Major Reid, assaulted, but without success, the Kishengunge suburb, covering the Lahore Gate of the city. The total of killed and wounded on this day in the whole force amounted, we are now informed, to no less than 1,145. Of this the European loss was eight officers and 162 men killed, fifty-two officers and 510 men wounded, and ten men missing. Of the natives 103 were killed and 310 wounded. Regarding the progress of the assaulting force between the 14th and the 20th, we have nothing to add, except in confirmation of the slight amount of loss sustained on the days succeeding that of the assault, which, it appears, hardly rose above five men a day. Of the captured city we only hear that it remains a scene of solitude and desolation. The British headquarters were still in the Palace, General Penny commanding in place of General Wilson, who had resigned the command in consequence of failing health, and who has since gone up to the hills on leave to recruit. In the same building, or pile of buildings, remained many of the wounded officers, removed thither upon its capture.

THE PURSUING COLUMNS.

Deserted as it was by its mutinous garrison and by the vast majority of its inhabitants, it was unnecessary to detain the whole British force within the city. Much of it might be employed to prevent disturbances in other directions or to pursue the rebels in their flight to the southward. Thus in early days after the fall of the place the 52nd Light Infantry marched off for the Punjab, probably to be stationed at Lahore or Multan, and to contribute to the preservation of peace in the district lying between the two cities. But even before the departure of this corps for the north troops were out to the southward. These constituted two pursuing columns—one under Brigadier Showers, the other commanded by Colonel Greathed; the former taking the right, the other the left bank of the Jumna.

The party commanded by Showers was at first but a small one, and was employed for a special purpose. Moving out of the camp on or about the 26th of September, it proceeded to the tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, where Hodson had previously captured and shot the three princes, and the neighbourhood of the Kootub Minar, which was swarming with the loose, disorderly rabble that had escaped from the city. At the tomb he was fortunate enough to capture two more of the sons of the King, whose names are given as Mirza Mendoo and Mirza Bakhtowar Shah. These notable prisoners were tried by a military commission at Delhi and sentenced to death. They were shot on the 14th of October. The King, moreover, was to be tried by a military commission, but his life was safe if it has been assured to him before his surrender or capture. Shortly after this first successful raid a larger force, consisting of the 2nd Fusiliers, 1st Punjab Infantry, and Kumaon Battalion, with the Carabineers, Guides, and other Irregular Horse, and a field battery, was assembled for service under the Brigadier. On the 1st of October it left the camp, and proceeded into the district of Goorgan, immediately to the south-west of Delhi. At the chief town of that district a prominent rebel, named Baktour Singh, was taken and hanged. Moving on to Rewaree, it occupied the fort with its magazines and guns, abandoned by Tooley Ram, a rebel leader, on its approach. In the neighbourhood of, and still retaining his position in their stronghold, and engaged in scouring and pacifying the country, our intelligence at present leaves the Brigadier.

COLONEL GREATHED'S VICTORIES.

The column under Colonel Greathed, consisting of 1,600 infantry and 500 cavalry, three troops of horse artillery and eighteen guns, left Delhi on the Great Trunk road. They halted at Ghazeeodeenuggur on the 25th of September, marching on the 26th to Sekundrabad, where a vast amount of English property (amongst which ladies' wearing apparel was conspicuous), being found, the place was burnt. On the 27th they overtook the enemy at Bolundshuhur, where the Jhansi rebels, with a large mass of other insurgents, had taken up a strong position. It was well selected, and their guns and men carefully concentrated. The rebels, however, were driven from their entrenchments, and immediately pursued by our cavalry. Some of their horse formed a line to cover the retreat and receive the attack of Watson's Irregulars, but were soon dispersed. The 9th Lancers made a brilliant charge, and dashing down the street, where they suffered considerably, drove the enemy through and beyond the town. About a hundred of the enemy were left dead upon the field; seven light guns, with shot, all of hammered iron, were captured, with twenty-five boxes of powder, and large quantities of musket ammunition. The enemy are said to have lost 150. Our casualties of all kinds were under fifty, there being six officers wounded.

On the morning of the 29th the force marched on Malaghar, which they found abandoned, and immediately prepared to blow up the fort. On this occasion Lieutenant Home, of the Engineers (whose gallantry at the Cashmere Gate of Delhi everybody has heard of), lost his life by the explosion of a mine, prematurely fired. From Bolundshuhur the wounded officers and men were despatched for Meerut, and the march was resumed. On the 4th of October, they encamped at Soomlah, and on the 5th reached Allyghur.

This fort is situated in the midst of swamps and marshes, above fifty miles from Delhi, as from Agra. Our troops were opposed by some Mahometan fanatics and the rabble of the town, who were quickly dispersed on all sides, the cavalry cutting up about 400. Bouchier's battery with the cavalry, European and Native, took a circle of the town, and scouring the corn-fields and gardens, pushed on by the Cawnpore road, to the eighteenth milestone from Delhi. Here they opened out for skirmishing, and then swept back again, clearing the villages, and cutting down the enemy hand amongst the high crops of millet and maize. There were supposed to have been 400 of the Gwalior Contingent in the neighbourhood, very few of whom escaped. The force now marched on to Akarabad, another stronghold of fanaticism and revolt, the cavalry rapidly moving in advance; on the way they killed two distinguished rebel chiefs, Mungul Singh and Mehtab Singh. Four guns were found loaded, and pointed towards the entrance of the fort. These, with a large quantity of powder and grapeshot, were captured.

Rumour now ran that the mutineers from various quarters, chiefly from Indore, had congregated at Dholpore, thirty-three miles from Agra, on the Gwalior Road; and that they were about to push on, with the view of surprising the weakened garrison. Indeed, the enemy, amounting to about 5,000 disciplined troops, and a rabble numbering about 10,000, with three siege guns and twelve or fifteen light field pieces, had crossed the Kharrar river, about twelve miles north of Agra, by the 9th of October. About noon, of that day, their advanced guard was within four miles of the cantonments, where they fired upon the militia cavalry, sent out to watch their movements. Greathed's column had, on the same date, reached Hattress, on the western side of the river, and was pushing on the advance guard of 500 cavalry and two batteries of artillery. They crossed the pontoon bridge a little after daybreak, and were then, as it turned out, within five miles of the enemy. The rebels meanwhile were supposed to have disappeared.

Greathed's moveable column marched into the cantonments at Agra on the morning of the 10th, and the troops, wearied with a long and fatiguing march, had just encamped, and were preparing breakfast, when they were unexpectedly attacked by the enemy. The rebels expected to have nothing

more than the feeble garrison to deal with, and the adversaries on both sides were equally taken by surprise. Four Ghazees (Mahometan fanatics) bearing drums, entering the camp, cut down an officer, who was washing, and a sergeant-major, who was asleep. Their guns had opened on our camp, while their cavalry charged on our flank, before our men had time to seize their arms. Never was surprise more complete, nor one more rapidly repelled. Before the fifth shot of the enemy had been fired, our horse artillery were replying. In five minutes our men were in their saddles. The Sikhs charged first, followed by the 9th Lancers in their shirts; when the infantry, consisting of her Majesty's 8th and 75th, with the Sikhs, came into action, and our guns opened fire. Lieutenant French was killed; Lieutenant Jones severely wounded, when they, with nine of the Lancers, attacked about fifty sepoy in possession of one of our guns, which was instantly retaken. A stout resistance was at first attempted; but, on the approach of our guns, the hearts of our adversaries failed them. Rushing down the Gwalior Road, they dispersed themselves over the fields of millet, with which the country was covered. The Lancers and Sikh Cavalry kept at their heels, and cut them to pieces; while the Horse Artillery, always in advance, mowed them down with grape. Where the crops were too heavy for horse to penetrate, they were pursued by her Majesty's 8th and 75th Regiments, and the 2nd and 4th Punjab Infantry. After a fierce contest of two hours, during which great havoc was occasioned by our artillery, the enemy were completely routed, and driven ten miles along the road to Gwalior, where they only escaped by being able to cross the river, which arrested the progress of the worn-out horses of the pursuers. But a body of infantry, drawn up on the further bank to assist the fugitives, were cut to pieces by our guns. All their baggage, camp equipment, and treasure, their guns (thirteen in number), with an enormous quantity of plunder, fell into our hands. They are said to have left about 2,000 dead on the field, our casualties amounting to about thirteen killed and fifty-four wounded.

The Colonel's force, which had now been sixteen days almost incessantly on the march, during which they had fought two pitched battles, and four affairs of lesser note, in which together about 4,000 of the enemy must have fallen, found a brief breathing space in Agra. A portion of the fugitive insurgents made their way to Bhurpore, where they were refused admittance, and ordered by the Rajah to lay down their arms. On refusing to do so, six or eight were killed on the spot, fourteen were taken prisoners, of whom six were hung at Agra. The rest of them escaped. At Muttra, Nynpooree, and all the other forts and towns around, they were signally repelled.

Greathed's column once more took the field, and reached Nynpooree on the 19th, where a large body of the enemy were said to have assembled. On reaching the spot, after a forced march of twenty-two miles, they found the place abandoned, the Rajah having accompanied the fugitives—his guns, and about £20,000 worth of treasure, being found in the fort.

Colonel Greathed was intending, it is said, to march down by Etawah towards Cawnpore.

A portion of the rebels round Agra had established themselves about the 20th, on the further side of the Kharrā Nuddee, another body of them being at Fattehyore-Sikree, whither the 3rd Bengal Europeans proceeded from Agra on the 2nd to meet them. The main body of the Delhi fugitives retreating south-westward, were believed to have turned off from the Trunk road and crossed over into Oude. A portion of them had previously proceeded towards Bareilly, and another had joined the rebels at Furruckabad.

EXECUTION OF THE DELHI PRINCES.

There is now no doubt that the three princes shot near Delhi fell by Hodson's own hand. The real facts are detailed in the following narrative, taken from the "Lahore Chronicle":—

"On the morning on which the city and palace were finally evacuated, the whole of the available cavalry moved out through the suburbs in the direction of, but not on the road to, the Kotub, and marched to the top of the hill on which stands the 'Edgah,' from thence overlooking the camp of the Bareilly and Nussacabad mutineers under 'General' Bukhtawar Khan, quondam Subahdar of Artillery. It was soon perceived, by unmistakable signs, that the camp was being evacuated, and soon after a loud explosion took place, which told to practised ears that the rebels were blowing up their ammunition previous to a flight; and Hodson's harkurs coming breathlessly in at the moment, confirmed the fact. Hodson immediately got leave to report it to the General, galloping on his way right along the front of the city, to see if this was clear also. He then obtained permission from the General to get to the rebel camp itself to see how the land lay. He started at once with his second in command, M'Dowell, and seventy-five sowars, and rode right round the city to the Delhi gate, having but few shots fired at them, and clearing the road of stray rebels as they went along. They found the camp all but empty—they soon made it quite so—and the Delhi gate open. They brought away three guns left by the enemy, and made arrangements for bringing in the empty tents, &c. They recovered the mess plate of the 60th Native Infantry, their standards, stripped however, and band instruments; polishing off the big drummer, who with his myrmidons gave some trouble.

"Next day Hodson asked and obtained permission to go after the King, whose capture with that of his favourite wife (mother to the heir-apparent), he successfully accomplished at the cost only of vast fatigue, some fighting, and imminent risk. His Majesty was courteously disarmed, and then escorted into the city.

"Early the following morning Hodson set to work to get the princes—greater, because more active villains, than their father. He started with M'Dowell and 100 men for the tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, where the rascals were concealed. He took measures to cut off all access to or egress from the building, and then sent in one of the illegitimate actions of royalty (who had saved his own life only by turning Queen's evidence), and the one-eyed Moulvie, Rujab Ali (one of the lamented Sir Henry Lawrence's most trusted emissaries), to bring out the princes.

"After more than two hours of anxiety, strategy, and no small practice of the arts of offence and defence, they appeared, and were immediately sent off in a bhylie, under a small guard, towards the city. Hodson then, with the remainder of his men, entered the enclosure of the tomb, and found certainly not less than from 5,000 to 6,000 of the scum of the city and palace congregated there, armed with weapons and missiles of all descriptions. It was indeed an hour of trial, when a bold front and determined voice were of more avail than even a sharp sword. Wonderful to say, not a man of the gallant little band was hit; and on Hodson sternly reiterating his demand for instant surrender, they began to lay down their arms. Five hundred sowars and twice that number of fire-arms, besides horses, elephants, &c., &c., were collected in less than an hour and a half, without another blow being struck. Hodson and his men then moved warily off to the city. At a short distance from the walls, they found the bhylie was baited, with much rabble collected around, who turned on the little party as they rode up. This was no time for hesitation or delay. Hodson dashed at once into the midst; in few but energetic words explained 'that these were the men who had not only rebelled against the Government, but had ordered and witnessed the massacre and shameful exposure of innocent women and children, and thus, therefore, the Government punished such traitors taken in open resistance,' shooting them down at the word. The effect was instantaneous and wonderful; not another hand was raised, not another weapon levelled—and the Mahometans of the troop, and some influential Moulvies among the bystanders, exclaimed, as if by simultaneous impulse, 'Well and rightly done; their crime has met with its just penalty; these were they who gave the signal for the death of helpless women and children, and outraged decency by the exposure of their persons—and now a righteous judgment has fallen on them. God is great.' The remaining weapons were then laid down, and the crowd slowly and quietly dispersed. The bodies were then carried into the city, and thrown out on the very spot where the blood of their innocent victims still stained the earth; they remained there till the 24th, when, for sanitary reasons, they were removed from the Chibotra front of the Kot wall. The effect of this just retribution is as miraculous on the populace as it was deserved by the criminals."

The other princes, Mirza Bucktawar Shah and Mirza Mendhoo, were, as we before intimated, regularly tried by a military commission of five officers, Brigadier Chamberlain being president, for aiding and abetting the mutineers. One of the princes was appointed colonel of the 11th Native Infantry, and the other of the 74th. Evidence was produced before the court, principally documentary, consisting of reports, returns, &c., bearing the prisoners' seals, showing that they exercised command of these regiments. In their defence they pleaded total ignorance of the intention of the sepoys to mutiny, and said that when the Meerut mutineers first reached Delhi on the 11th of May, they (the princes) thought it was a Russian invading army! They were then summoned to an audience by the King, and a few days after were appointed colonels of regiments at the request of the sepoys themselves. The court found the prisoners guilty, and sentenced them to death; and, accordingly, they were shot by a party of the 60th Rifles on the 14th of October. Detachments of Rifles, Artillery, Sappers, and Goorkhas were present, and a great number of spectators. The bodies were cast into the Jumna River.

THE BELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

Our accounts by the last mail from India contained tidings from Cawnpore to the 2nd of October, and from Lucknow to the 29th of September. At this latter date, the Residency, which had been relieved on the 25th, was kept possession of the greater portion of the city itself having been captured; but the enemy still continued in such alarming strength, that apprehensions were entertained that Havelock, with his small and overworked army, might be cut off from supplies or succour. We are now enabled somewhat to extend the very limited amount of information in reference to the operations between the 24th and 29th, although our intelligence is still sufficiently imperfect—it is only from the latter of these dates that it is new. The enemy had a formidable entrenchment thrown up, and armed with fifty pieces of cannon, at a place called Allumbagh, a country residence of the Princes of Oude, about three miles from Lucknow on the Cawnpore side. It is described as consisting of a large house, with a high wall all round, and an enclosure of about 500 yards square. But the enemy was too weak and exhausted to stir, and here the first of a series of contests, which lasted more than twelve hours, began. Having captured all the guns and driven the enemy from their outwork, it was found sufficiently strong to be maintained by a party of the 64th Foot, under Major Sibley, and here accordingly the sick, the wounded, and the baggage were left behind. Betwixt Allumbagh and Lucknow is an extensive plain, traversed by a wide canal. Havelock, with the main body of the force, crossed this by a bridge, which the enemy, hanging close upon our rear, immediately destroyed, occupying a position on the bank of the canal, so as to divide the two portions of our force from each other.

Nearly a day was occupied by General Havelock in forcing his way to the Residency through the city. The resistance was determined, and the casualties (nearly 500 hundred out of a force of 2,000) very severe. On reaching the Residency he was still fired on by the enemy from batteries recently thrown up, and which required to be stormed in succession, and were carried at the point of the bayonet. Here fell the gallant General Neill, with Major Perrin, and Lieut. Graham, Preston, and Nunn, of her Majesty's 90th. Here also fell Col. Hamilton, Capt. Hay, and Lieut. Swanson, of the 78th; Lieut. Hay, of the 5th Fusiliers; besides Capt. Shute, and Lieut. Turner and Bateman, of the 64th, with above thirty wounded, many of them severely.

The communications betwixt the two portions of our force being completely cut off, those betwixt Allumbagh and Cawnpore were very imperfectly maintained. On the 26th severe fighting continued, and for the next four days heavy firing was almost incessant. By this time above two miles of the town had fallen into our hands, and the weakness of our force alone prevented the remainder from being secured. Havelock had reached Lucknow with 2,800 in all. Of these nearly 600 had been disabled; about as many more had been left at Allumbagh—so that, when joined by the Residency garrison, about a thousand strong, he had scarcely his original number, to meet a force of above 50,000 in the field against him; though, with courage and management, enough to maintain themselves. The difficulties of the Residency were such, that Havelock was left no time to wait at Cawnpore for reinforcements, and the original intention was to have relieved the garrison, escort the women and children to a place of safety, and then resume the offensive. Outram remained at the Residency with 1,500 men, levelling the various buildings which hemmed in and commanded them, while Havelock operated outside. For a time the force was separated into three, Havelock being cut off from all communication with Outram. They are luckily once more reunited.

On the 3rd a convoy of 300 men of the 64th, commanded by Major Bingham, with provisions, left Cawnpore, but were to go no further on than Allumbagh, where they left their supplies, returning without any molestation. On the 11th a party of 150 arrived at Cawnpore from Allumbagh, bringing with them a large number of camels and elephants to assist in carrying provisions back again. On the 14th, a second convoy, under Major McIntyre, of the 78th Highlanders, was despatched. He was obliged, however, to entrench himself, when within four miles of his destination (returning his stores, which he was not strong enough to protect), and await reinforcements. Allumbagh was occupied by about 1,000 men. The approaches were commanded by heavy guns, and the ground cleared and exposed in all directions to the distance of about 500 yards.

A letter, describing the rescue of the garrison, says:—

"After our army had got well over the bridge, cheers and loud hurrahs rent the air, and banners and pieces of cloth were waved by the garrison, which I am happy to say, was shortly afterwards joined and set free by the brave troops who came to their succour. This relief happened in good time, for the rascally rebels had a part of the garrison entrenched camp undermined, and ready for loading. It is more than pen can do to give you even the most distant account of the meeting, 'twas so pleasing to behold; I shall, however, leave it to your imagination. The women, children, and sick were all sent to the entrenchment at Allumbagh, and there they are now, waiting for reinforcements ere they can be trusted even as far as Cawnpore, distant some forty miles or so. Last night a party from various corps, numbering in all 150, arrived from Allumbagh, in charge of an immense number of captured elephants and camels, and one or two of these men tell me that, for want of other material to erect breast works, the bedding belonging to the men was appropriated for this purpose. The medical gentlemen and their subordinates are hard worked, and have scarce a moment to think or call their own. Amputations are, I grieve to say, become very common. Ever since our fellows crossed the bridge and advanced towards the Residency, there has been scarce an hour's cessation of firing from guns of large and small calibre, and those infernal jingals from the city. Upwards of two miles of the city is levelled, and every hour lessens it still more, but the firing does not slacken in the least. The enemy, it is said, are being reinforced by the routed army of Delhi."

There was a report that Havelock and Outram were both wounded.

THE FIGHT AT BHITOOR.

About the 14th of Oct. it was reported at Cawnpore that the insurgents were mustering in force at Bhitoor to the northward. At midnight on the 17th Colonel Wilson, with a field battery, 650 bayonets, and a few native horse men, provided with four days' provisions, moved off as quietly as possible for Bhitoor. This was the native festival of the Dewallee, or feast of lamps. They approached Bhitoor early in the morning, and learned that the enemy occupied a grove of trees half-a-mile in front, with a 9 and 24-pounder gun in position. The small force now deployed, when a detachment of the 90th, which was in the rear, in commencing to move off the road, were opened on by the enemy, the first shell bursting in front of them, killing two and wounding two or three others. Our guns were now run up, but the range at first was too long. They then closed in, and after firing twenty or thirty rounds, silenced the enemy, and our infantry charged and carried everything before them. The action lasted for an hour. We lost two killed, and had six severely wounded. The enemy probably lost 100, though this is matter of conjecture. Great havoc might have been committed on the fugitives had cavalry been available. Their guns were left behind them, with two wagons and three country carts laden with ammunition. The 19th was occupied in destroying Bhitoor. On the morning of the 20th the gallant and victorious little band returned to Cawnpore. On their way back the village of Sheo-Rajpore was destroyed. In a house filled with straw five of the rebels were discovered by the men of the 64th probing the mass with their bayonets. They dashed out sword in hand, but were immediately despatched. Two prisoners brought in were hanged; one of them was the bearer of letters from Nena Sahib to the people in and around Bhitoor, calling upon the people to provide ammunition and have supplies ready for his arrival, expected in the course of fifteen days.

RAJPOOTANA.

Our intelligence from Rajpootana is unsatisfactory. Major Burton, Political Agent at Kotah, who had been residing with his family for a short time at Neemuch, returned to the Residency, accompanied by his two sons, on the 15th of October, fortunately leaving the rest of his family behind him. He had caused a royal salute to be fired in honour of the fall of Delhi, and the policy of the insurgent leaders everywhere being to ignore this event, they exclaimed that the Resident was deceiving the people, and ought to be destroyed. The Residency was attacked accordingly, and the Resident, with his two sons, while gallantly defending themselves, were slaughtered. After the murders, the premises were plundered, and the bodies of the unfortunate victims exposed. The Rajah continued faithful to us, but the bulk of his army (four regiments of infantry, with all his artillery) had turned against him. They proposed proceeding to Delhi, to

assist in the restoration of the King, disbelieving, as most of the disaffected did, in the fall of the capital.

For many months past, Neemuch has been one of the centres of disaffection in Rajpootana. About the middle of October, the rebels began once more to gather around it from all directions, a body of them concentrating at Jeerum, with a view of attacking the garrison. On the 24th the Neemuch column moved out to meet them, and attacked them in front of their stronghold. The battle was severe, and our casualties heavy. The enemy were driven back into their fort, which our force was too weak to storm.

BEHAR.

The province of Behar is feeling the effects of the presence of the increased numbers of English troops who are being passed up every day from Calcutta to Raneegunge by railway, whence they proceed along the Trunk Road (or Ben res and the upper stations, tending by their march to quiet the districts lately disturbed by the mutiny of the 5th Irregular Cavalry and the Ramghur Battalion. The movements of the former of these corps, and of the rebel leader, Oomer Singh, we have no certain intelligence of. When last heard of they were in the neighbourhood of Rhotasshur. But the Ramghur Battalion were met by Major English, of the 53rd, with 180 men of his own corps and 140 of Rattray Sikhs, at Chuttra, not far from their abandoned station of Hazareebagh, and utterly broken, with the loss of a third of their number and all their guns, ammunition, and plunder.

THE SANTHALS.

Two companies of the 32nd were stationed at Deoghur, in the Santhal district. They were believed to be faithful, and retained their arms. On the 9th of September, however, Lieutenant Cooper, then in command, was shot at on parade. Lieutenant Cooper, Mr. Ronald (the Deputy-Commissioner), Lieutenant Rennie, and perhaps one sepoy fled into a house. The house was immediately set on fire, its inmates driven out and murdered, under a shower of balls. Lieutenant Rennie, however, was saved by a havildar, who was wounded in his defence, and is now safe at Bongaipore. The body of Lieutenant Cooper was chopped up, the treasury plundered, and the mutineers then set off for the Grand Trunk road. It was believed that they would be met by her Majesty's 13th, sent up by railroad. Lieutenant Cooper was remarkable for his attachment to his men, in whose sports he often shared, offering prizes to the successful. The fact increases the horror of the event, but in truth the power of feeling horror has died out of us. After hearing of an English girl found hanging by the hair in Nena Sahib's palace, with her flesh sliced from her bones by swords, the murder of an officer seems almost nothing.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

The Rewah Rajah, it is reported, though still faithful, had fled from his palace to some fort. The political agent, Lieutenant Osborne, was therefore left alone. "His position and conduct," says a correspondent of the "Times," "are an excellent illustration of the scenes taking place all over India. He is a young Madras officer, and till this outbreak but little known to any one. He is now living in Rewah in a tent, without a single companion, without a friend within 100 miles. He is so ill with liver complaint that he cannot lie down, taking rest only in a chair. He has no guard, no soldiers, sentries, or reliable servants. Every day and night the soldiery surround his tent, threatening to put him to death by torture. He admits their power, but tells them he can take at least six lives before he dies. And so, day by day, there he lives, sick almost unto death, all alone, and with murderers all round, confident only that his duty is to remain at his post, and that God is above him still. It is not such men as these that sepoys can subdue. So magical, indeed, is the influence of character, that to this moment Lieutenant Osborne, the sole European alive in Rewah, is felt by the natives to be at least a match for the regiment around him. To this hour, therefore, they are willing, when not stopped by force, to convey his messages, and obey his commands."

Lady Wilson has received a letter from her husband, Sir A. Chelmsford, stating that when, on the 8th of October, the General arrived at Mussourie on sick leave, he was so exhausted as to be scarcely able to walk. He had no positive illness, however, and was at the date of the letter (October 12) greatly improved. The General had directed his family to address their future letters to Meerut, where he was shortly about to rejoin his brigade, and to hold himself in readiness for any command that might be given to him.

Our readers will learn with much regret the death of Lieutenant Philip Salkeld, of the Bengal Engineers, who recently displayed such daring and gallantry in firing the train at the Cashmere Gate of Delhi. He gradually sunk under the wounds which he received on that occasion, and died at Delhi about the 10th of October. Lieutenant Salkeld had just completed his twenty-seventh year.

From Saugor and Jubbulpore there is little news. The Madras column is at the latter station, and the fort of Saugor is in no danger unless from the possibility of an irruption by the Dinapore and Gwalior mutineers.

The Dinapore mutineers were still at Banda.

A conspiracy having been detected amongst the Bombay Grenadiers, at Ahmedabad, eighteen of them were convicted of conspiring to seize the Artillery, massacre the Europeans, and plunder the town, and were executed.

Sumbulpore has been seized by a man named Sauder Shah, a released convict, with 1,000 ruffians, not sepoys. It is this disorganisation which is so dangerous, more so even than the mutiny.

The Bareilly rebels have again set a force against Nynce Tal, and have occupied Haldwanee and Kaleedoongee. Nynce Tal is, however, quite secure, and Major Ramsay only waits for a favourable opportunity to attack the invaders. A supply of arms, &c., has been sent over from Mussourie.

There is a report that the troops of the Rajah of Travancore have shown symptoms of disaffection, but it requires confirmation.

The Punjab is all quiet still, with the little exception of the country between Lahore and Mooltan, where, however, the disturbance does not become more serious. Scinde, too, is quite at rest. In the Madras presidency and the Nizam's country all is well.

On the 20th of October, Lady Canning presented the infantry of the Calcutta Volunteer Guards with colours, and the cavalry with standards. Above 20,000 persons assembled to witness the ceremony.

The greatest difficulty now pressing on Government is the disposal of the disarmed mutineers. There are more than 20,000 men in this position. One party would put them to death as mutineers; another, and a much larger one, would send them to the Andaman Isles; a third talks of disbandment; a fourth, of re-organisation. The views of Government are not known.

An Indian journal, the "Phoenix," says that communications have been received by the authorities on the frontier, to the effect that Jung Bahadoor is prepared to place fifteen Nepaulese regiments at the disposal of Government, to assist in putting down the rebellion.

Privates John Lawlor, Charles Koyle, William Foughy, and Patrick Chambers were arraigned at Dinapore, on the 21st of September, for having "murdered one Hatto Khan, subahdar-major of the 40th Regiment of Native Infantry." A verdict of "Not Guilty" was returned. In confirming this decision the Commander-in-Chief "rejoices that the prosecution has completely failed in bringing evidence against them, and that they have consequently been fairly exonerated by the court-martial assembled for their trial. The finding of that court-martial meets with his entire approval, and he is indeed happy that the stigma fixed on her Majesty's 10th Regiment, which rested on assumption, before inquiry on oath had been made, has been removed from that distinguished corps."

OUR INDIAN GENERALS.—The Court of Directors of the East India Company propose to grant an annuity of £1,000 a year to General Sir Archdale Wilson of Delhi, and also to grant two several pensions of £500 to the nearest surviving relatives of the late Generals Nicholson and Neill. In the case of General Nicholson the pension will accrue to his mother, and in the case of General Neill to his widow. The claims of Sir Henry Havelock to a pension of £1,000 a year are advocated.

GENERAL LAMORICIERE AND THE EMPIRE.—A son of General Lamoricere died in Paris—the General himself being in exile. On receiving this intelligence, the Emperor despatched a telegraphic message, permitting Lamoricere to enter France. Of this permission the General refused to avail himself. There were, it seems, certain conditions to be observed, which another exiled General advised him not to accept.



THE FESTIVAL OF THE MOHURRIM.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE MOHURRIM.

In the "Illustrated Times" of November 7, we printed an article descriptive of the Mahometan festival of the Mohurrim, of which the Indian authorities were recently apprehensive, as likely to prove the signal of an universal rising. At that time we gave an interior view, representing some of the rites of the festival; this week we present our readers with an engraving illustrative of the grand processions which everywhere form the most remarkable features of the festival.

All kinds of luxury are put aside during the month of Mohurrim. The commonest and hardest *charpoys*, or a simple mat on the floor, are substituted for the luxurious cushions and well-wadded mattresses on which the more wealthy orders usually recline. Their fare is of the coarsest. Hot curries and savoury pilaws are eschewed, and common barley-bread, rice, and boiled peas, are substituted. The usual ornaments are laid aside, —a great deprivation of the ladies' pleasures and comforts; for the contemplation of her jewellery is one of the most pleasing and constant employments of the Indian belle.

At the same time, the Orientals love to display their wealth on such occasions. "It is on record at Lucknow," says the author of the "Private Life of an Eastern King," "that one of these Mohurrim cost a reigning nabab upwards of three hundred thousand pounds; the costly nature of the processions and trappings—the munificence to the poor—the lavish display of expensive dresses and appointments, never used again, need not astonish us, therefore. The wealth of the Mahometan population of any part of India may be safely estimated by the displays they make at Mohurrim. Were all this valuable mourning and embroidery, this display of silvering and gilding, to be retained from year to year to be used at each successive Mohurrim, the expense would be very different. Such, however, is not the case; what has once been used is not permitted to be used again. All is distributed amongst the poor and needy on the conclusion of the fast, so that the populace do not want incitement to make the commemoration of the Mohurrim as enthusiastic as possible.

"In Lucknow they believe they have the metal crest of the banner of Hosein (conveyed thither long ago by a poor pilgrim from the west), and the relic is regarded as peculiarly sacred.* The building in which it is contained is called the *Durgah*; and thither the banners used in the Mohurrim are brought by thronging multitudes, with great display upon the fifth day. The *Durgah* is fully five miles from the King's palace; a magnificent building, in the centre of which the sacred crest is fixed aloft upon a pole, the whole elevated upon a platform hung round with flags and emblematical devices. On the morning of the fifth day of Mohurrim, crowds of all ranks and classes of the people might be seen issuing from Lucknow to visit the *Durgah*, each little party bearing its own banners. The royal procession was of course the most magnificent. Six or eight elephants, with silver trappings, first appeared; the men upon them bearing the banners to be blessed. A guard of soldiers accompanied the elephants. Then came a sort of chief mourner, bearing a black pole supporting two swords hung from a reversed bow. Then came the King himself, and the male members of his family, with his favourite Molivies. To these succeeded a charger, called *Dhull-dhull*, the name of the horse Hosein rode when he lost his life. A white Arab, of elegant proportions, was usually employed for this purpose, whose reddened legs and sides (from which arrows, apparently buried in his body, projected) indicated the sufferings of both horse and rider. A turban, in the Arabian style, and a bow and quiver of arrows, are fixed upon the saddle of *Dhull-dhull*; and a beautifully-embroidered

* The festival of the Mohurrim, our readers will remember, is held to commemorate the death of two early leaders of "the faithful," Hassan and Hosein, near relatives of Mahomet himself. They were put to death by the reigning caliph as usurpers.



STATUE OF LORD MELVILLE, RECENTLY ERECTED AT EDINBURGH.—(STEELE, SCULPTOR.)

saddle-cloth contrasts finely with the spotless white coat of the animal—the trappings all of solid gold. Attendants, gorgeously dressed, accompany the horse with chowries (for beating away flies) made of the yak's tail. Following *Dhull-dhull* might be seen troops of the King's servants, regiments of horse and foot, and a crowd of idlers. The banners are borne through the *Durgah*, presented to the sacred crest, and touched, and then taken out again at the opposite door to make room for others. All day long does this ceremony continue. Fifty thousand banners so hallowed in the course of the day, I have heard of as being no extraordinary number."

These magnificent pageants are made up of many companies—the greater taking the lead, while the poor man with his little company falls into the rear, that he may get on the faster thereby; for the crowds are dense, and the smaller bands have no little difficulty in making way for themselves.

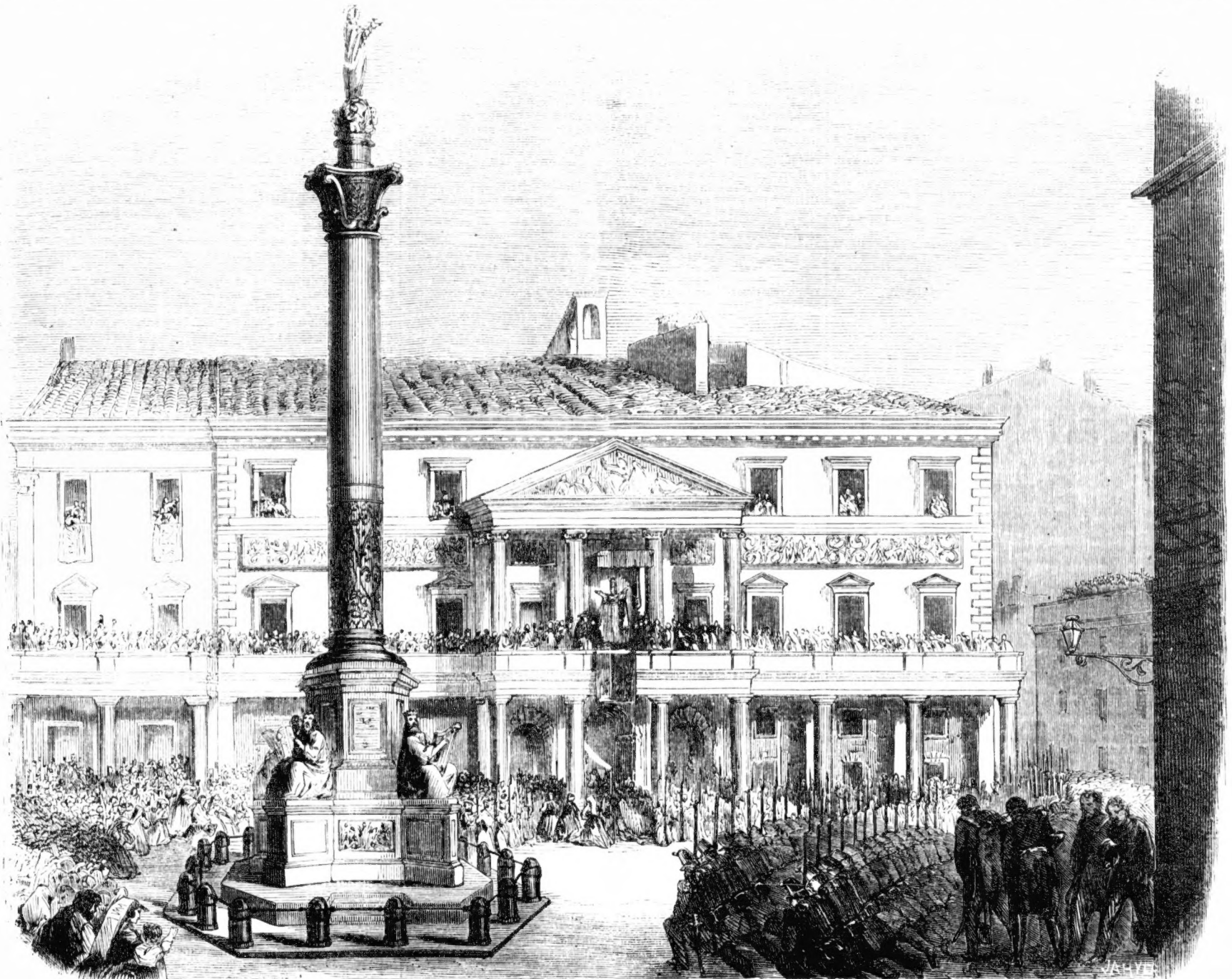
STATUE OF THE LATE LORD MELVILLE.

A BRONZE statue of the late Lord Melville has been erected in Melville Street, Edinburgh. Designed mainly to commemorate Lord Melville's exertions in all measures connected with the county, and his general worth and amenity as a country gentleman, rather than as a public man in any more extended sphere (which, indeed, his Lordship did not aspire to be), the memorial was at first intended to be erected in front of the County Hall; but difficulties were raised as to the site, and after much discussion it was finally arranged that Melville Crescent, Melville Street, should be adorned by the possession of this excellent work of art.

In the treatment of the statue, the artist, Mr. Steele, has had regard alike to the public and private character of the man, and to the fact that the monument partakes as much of the nature of a friendly commemoration as of a mark of popular gratitude. The air and attitude of the figure accordingly exhibit considerable repose, reflecting the solid worth and unobtrusive disposition that distinguished Lord Melville, combined with indications of that sagacity and decision of character which he carried into all his labours. His Lordship is represented as leaning with his right arm on a square truncated pillar, which, being set angularly, admits of a very easy and graceful pose for the figure, and takes off any appearance of heaviness or formality that might otherwise have attached to the introduction of such an accessory. The head is bent forward with an expression of unstrained attention. His left arm falls easily by his side, the hand, holding a scroll, resting on his thigh—the whole attitude being expressive of readiness and activity of intellect, combined with dignified repose. Upon the whole, the statue must be regarded as highly successful. It measures twelve feet in height, and, including the pedestal (eleven feet high), cost about £2,000, we believe, subscribed by his Lordship's many friends and admirers.

THE INAUGURATION AT ROME OF THE COLUMN OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

THE ceremony of inaugurating the monument erected in honour of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, took place at Rome in the month of September, in the presence of a synod composed of bishops from all parts of the world. The doctrine of the immaculate conception was formerly received by the Roman Catholic Church merely as a pious tradition, but in 1854 it was proclaimed by the Sovereign Pontiff as a dogma, and as such is received throughout the Roman Catholic world. The monument which has been raised to commemorate this new article of the Catholic creed, is composed of a green marble column, discovered by Visconti, in 1777, when digging the foundations of the Ecole Militaire in the Champs de Mars. The top is surmounted by a bronze colossal statue of the Virgin treading under foot the serpent. The four statues which adorn the pedestal are sculptured in the finest marble and are from



INAUGURATION BY THE POPE OF THE COLUMN OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

the chisels of Revelli, Charles Chelli, D'ignace Giscommetti, and Tadolini. They represent the prophets who predicted the advent of Him who was to be the salvation of mankind. These statues are fine productions, and are worthy of those celebrities who have filled Rome with so many remarkable works of art. The column, which is not, like the columns of Antony and Trajan, accessible to the summit from the interior, is a worthy rival to the column of Alexandria at St. Petersburg and of the Pompey Pillar at Alexandria.

The monument having been erected in the Place d'Espagne, all that remained was to inaugurate it. For this purpose, His Excellency, M. Alexandre Mon, Ambassador Extraordinary from her Majesty the Queen Isabella, placed his residence at the disposal of the Sovereign Pontiff, for whose reception it was redecorated. On the morning of the inauguration-day, the Pope left the Palace of the Vatican at nine o'clock, accompanied by Cardinals Masi and Barnabo. After attending mass (performed by Cardinal Alfieri), in the church of Santa-Maria del Popolo, Pius IX., attended by a long procession of dignitaries and professors of the church, proceeded towards the Place d'Espagne, where he was received with loud acclamations by thousands of his people. At about eleven o'clock he entered the Spanish Embassy, where he was received by His Excellency the Spanish Ambassador.

The Pope was at once conducted to a private apartment, where having arrayed himself in his sacred robes, he came on to the balcony, and presented himself to the people, whom he blessed. The inauguration then commenced. Having sprinkled the column with holy water, Pius IX. then intoned "L'Ave, maris stella" which was taken up by the melodious voices of the chorists from the Pontifical chapel. The religious service concluded, the Pope again gave his blessing to the people and the troops. This was a most imposing ceremony. Thousands of men and women fell on their knees as Pius IX. raised his hand, and such was the stillness that every word uttered by him was heard by the most distant spectators. In the evening the whole city was illuminated, and crowds paraded the streets. There was a great appearance of festivity; and the poor were feasted by the various religious bodies.

THE ENGLISH ENGINEERS AT NAPLES.—The Neapolitan Government has at length permitted some communication between the Englishmen who were taken prisoners on board the *Cagliari*, and their countrymen. The Rev. Mr. Pugh, chaplain of the British Legation at Naples, applied to the King himself for the required permission, and it was granted. Mr. Pugh reports that he found the men in good health, comfortably and cleanly housed, and that they made no complaint of ill-treatment. As Mr. Pugh's visit was strictly professional, he abstained from entering on subjects which another person might have touched upon; still the conversation was unreserved and in English, and one of the men said, that "they had met with much kindness, and had plenty of what was needed, as the Genoa steam-boat administration had sent them money through the Procureur-General." So far this is satisfactory enough.

FOREIGN LEGIONS.—Although the report that the British Government was forming a foreign legion for India has been repeatedly and authoritatively denied, the "Courrier du Bas Rhin" now asserts that the head quarters of an English recruiting establishment will be opened at Strasbourg on the 1st of December next. It even gives the names of the officers employed on this service. They are—Colonel Hudson, commanding; Major Cate, Captain Wilkinson, paymaster; Captain Weundt, quartermaster; and Captain Herring, assistant-paymaster. Major Cate and Captain Wilkinson are favourably known in Strasbourg, having been there when the Anglo-Swiss Legion was raised.

THE SPANISH-MEXICAN DISPUTE.—Lord Howden, after having been for some time occupied at Paris by the Mexican question, has returned to Madrid. It is understood that Lord Howden is charged to show the Spanish Government the expediency of receiving M. Lafragua (the Mexican Envoy), and thus allowing the mediation of England and France to proceed without delay, as, beyond all doubt, there is a numerous party on the borders of the United States and Mexico only waiting for an opportunity to evenen the quarrel, in order to turn it to their own advantage. While the British Minister at the Court of Madrid has instructions to this effect, the French Minister in Mexico will receive orders to endeavour to persuade that Government to withdraw its pretension of having M. Lafragua received at Madrid as an indispensable preliminary.

THE WOUNDED FRENCH IN THE CRIMEA.—Altogether 43,044 French soldiers were wounded, including those who were immediately killed or died afterwards from their wounds. Of the whole, 23,870 occurred in the trenches. The storming of the Green Mamelon, of the White Batteries, of the Malakoff (twice), of the Little Redan, and of the Central Bastion, added 16,664 more. Finally, the three battles of the Alma, Inkermann, and Traktir furnished 2,240 cases. From this it appears that battles in the open field are far less dangerous to life and limb than siege operations.

A FRENCH MURDER.—At St. Giles, France, a young woman, who had become very intimate with a young man, married him. Too soon after the marriage she gave birth to a child, during her husband's absence at church. On his return she presented the little creature to him. He took it in his arms, and said, "What shall we do with her?" "First of all baptise her!" answered the woman, in which he sprinkled the child's face with water, and made on it the sign of the cross. "And now," he asked again, "what shall we do with her?" "Kill her—in a moment she will be dead!" was the mother's answer. They then twisted the child's neck until she was strangled. They afterwards buried the body beneath a heap of leaves in a field.

LITERARY RARITIES.—A copy of the first folio of Shakespeare's plays (1623) has been met with in a carpenter's shop near Maidenhead, and is now in proper hands. It seems that it was sold at a country auction many years ago, and bought, with some other books, for a few shillings by the present owner. A copy of Spenser's works, folio, 1613, which formerly was the property of one of our greatest poets of that day, has also turned up in that neighbourhood, together with the second edition of the notorious production of Philip Stubbes, "The Anatomy of Abuses." At Reading, only a few weeks ago, a gentleman purchased three of the tracts of the celebrated Robert Greene, published between 1589 and 1617, including the "Groatsworth of Wit," in which Shakespeare is designated as "the only Shakspeare in a country." It seems not at all improbable that some, if not most, of these rarities, originally belonged to the same old library at Upton Court, near Newbury, out of which Mr. Payne Collier's corrected folio Shakespeare of 1632 is reasonably supposed to have come.

THE PEOPLE OF ITALY.—The population of Italy is at present about as follows:—Sardinia 4,770,634 souls; the I. o. baron-Venetian Kingdom, 4,916,347; Italian Italy, 495,204; Austria of Vienna, 129,313; Duchy of Parma, 511,969; Duchy of Modena, 606,189; Grand Duchy of Tuscany, 1,817,166; Papal States, 4,100,000; and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, 8,616,922. Thus the whole population of Italy is about 24,000,000 souls.

IRELAND.

ARMED ABDUCTION.—Eight men, armed, broke a few nights ago into the dwelling of Michael Egan, a farmer, at Cappagall, near Mount Bolus, King's County. They then forced Miss Egan out of bed, and carried her off almost naked, for the purpose, it is supposed, of marrying her to one of themselves. It is stated that she has a marriage portion of £300. Mr. Egan was absent from home at the time.

STRIKE AT BELFAST.—The workpeople employed at the York Street flax-spinning mill, "turned out" on Monday morning, owing to an intimation on the part of the manager that their wages would be reduced 10 per cent. The workers offered to work three-quarter time at their old rate of pay, but their offer was refused. The number of persons thrown out of employment is about 2,500. There is a rumour that other millowners will reduce the wages 10 per cent.

SCOTLAND.

DISCOVERY OF AN OLD BELL.—A curious old church bell was dug up some days ago by a workman in the employment of Mr. Murray, of Rosemount, near Tain, bearing the following inscription:—"Gitted by Donald Mackenzie, of Mardat, to the Church of Logie. Edr., 1698, i.e." The bell was found fully six miles from the site of the old church of Logie at Marybank, some four feet under ground. It has a rich, clear note, and is in a tolerable state of preservation.

DEATH OF THE FATHER OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The Rev. Dr. Duncan Macfarlan, Principal of the University of Glasgow, and minister of the High Church, died last week, at his residence in the College, Glasgow. He was in the 89th year of his age, and had been for the last ten years the oldest clergyman in the Church of Scotland, for he was within three months of completing the 67th year of his ministry as an ordained clergyman of the national church.

THE FALKIRK BANK CASE.—Her Majesty has remitted the remainder of the sentence in the case of Thomas Gentles, one of the two young men who were recently sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for breach of trust and embezzlement in the branch of the Commercial Bank at Falkirk. The two young men, our readers remember, were the instruments by which the late Henry Salmon, manager of the bank, was enabled to embezzle its funds, and, though the jury expressed their belief that the young men had received no portion of the money, they were found guilty as aiding and abetting the manager in perpetrating his frauds. Gentles was liberated from Perth Penitentiary on Saturday.

THE PROVINCES.

GARROTTE ROBBERY AT MANCHESTER.—A gentleman named Ranson was passing through Spinning field, Manchester, late on Friday night, when he was suddenly attacked by six men, one of whom threw a rope round his neck, and dragged him into an entry. His pockets were rifled of about £200 in notes and gold, and his watch was also stolen. The thieves decamped, leaving Mr. Ranson very much exhausted by the pressure of the rope round his neck. Three men have since been apprehended on suspicion.

DISASTROUS FIRES.—Kilham Hall (two miles from Newark), the seat of Mr. J. H. Manners Sutton, late M.P. for Newark, was reduced to ruins, on Friday, by fire. Mr. Sutton and his family were abroad. The damage is rudely estimated to amount to £20,000 or £30,000. Mr. Sutton is insured. An extensive worsted mill at Denbigh, Lancs., was on Saturday morning burnt down in three hours; a disaster inflicting an immediate loss of not less than £20,000. The mill, and the machinery and stock which it contained, were however insured to the extent of £16,750. This calamity will unhappily throw nine hundred people out of work, at a season when work is scarce everywhere.

STRANGE IMPOSTURE.—A man has been committed to jail at Stafford for various cases of imposture. On one occasion, he represented himself to a woman as her husband, who had been transported nineteen years before; and she, though married again, was so completely convinced that the prisoner was her long lost partner, that she left the man whom she had married, and went to live with the prisoner. He played a similar deception on another woman.

ANTIQUARIAN TREASURES.—Vice-Admiral Sir Maurice Berkeley has had a "clearing out sale" of some of the antiquarian lumber of Berkeley Castle. The bed on which Edward II. is said to have been murdered fell into the hands of a Wotton-under-Edge broker for 17s. 6d., an old piano knocked down for 2s. 3d., and the stuffed birds which were ranged in the chapel, and which the late Earl spent hundreds in collecting, could hardly be sold at any price.

A PHILANTHROPIC SECRETARY ASCENDED.—Alexander Emmett, secretary to the Blackburn Philanthropic Burial Society, has ascended, with a considerable sum of money. On the way, he wrote to his wife, stating that he was about to sail for Port Natal, and that, should any attempt be made to capture him, he should use his revolver.

EXTRAORDINARY OUTRAGE.—On Saturday, a little boy, aged ten years, was passing along the canal side, near Summer Row, Birmingham, when he saw a man with a pistol. The man said, "Move out of the way, or I'll shoot you." But before the poor little fellow could move, the miscreant (or madman) fired the pistol, the contents of which entered the child's breast. He was taken to the General Hospital, where the ball was extracted; and he was reported to be likely to recover. Nothing has since been heard of the perpetrator of the outrage.

THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW.—The annual exhibition of cattle and poultry, held at Birmingham, opened on Monday. The exhibition this year was a week earlier than usual, it also opened and closed a day earlier in the week than it has done in former years. The change was adopted for the purpose of meeting the views of exhibitors of stock who are desirous of competing at the Smithfield show. There were many new exhibitors. The show possessed extraordinary merit in all respects.

POOR-LAW STATISTICS.—If we are to take the returns of the expenditure of the Worcester Union as a test of the prosperity of the district, they give a very favourable result, notwithstanding the pressure on trade. The accounts for the past half-year show the total cost of indoor maintenance to be £513 13s. 6d., while for the corresponding period of last year it was £709 3s. The out relief in money and kind in the same period amounted to £1,193 13s. 4d.; the amount for the corresponding half-year of 1856 having been £1,323 8s. 2d. The guardians of the union having received a letter from the Poor-Law Board, requesting to be informed whether any pressure of pauperism was likely to arise from the state of the money market, have replied that no such pressure existed, or was anticipated in the union.

SUSPECTED POISONING AND FORGERY.—Edward Turner, reed maker, of Preston, and formerly staff-surgeon in the old militia, died on the 25th of September last, and was interred on the 27th of the same month, at the Preston Cemetery. Since then, according to the "Manchester Examiner," rumour involved one of the oldest medical practitioners of the town, not only in a charge of forging a document said to be made in favour of the deceased, but of suspected poisoning. The body has been exhumed, and the stomach and portions of the intestines removed for surgical examination.

THE BOILER EXPLOSION AT Huddersfield.—From the evidence at the inquest upon the unfortunate creatures who were killed by the explosion at Mr. Kaye's factory at Huddersfield, it appears that their death was the result of sheer carelessness. Mr. Gledhill, who refitted the boiler at the works seven months ago, said that the safety valve had a lever 2 feet 8 inches long, with a weight at the end, which allowed the valve to rise at a pressure of 40 lbs. to the square inch. There was another boiler, and the safety valve was fitted, not in the usual place, but so as to act for both boilers, contrary to witness's advice, by Mr. Kaye's orders. The witness connected the safety valve and the stop pipe, a thing he never did before or since. Another engineer gave it as his opinion that there was a pressure of from 75 lbs. to 100 lbs. to the square inch at the time of the explosion. Had the safety valve been in direct communication with the boiler, that explosion would not have taken place. A third witness, Mr. Fairbairn, of Manchester, said that if the boiler had been of double strength, the explosion would have taken place in consequence of the faulty principle of construction. Mr. Kaye, the owner of the factory, contradicted some of Mr. Gledhill's statements about the valves. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased had perished by an explosion, and blaming both the proprietors of the factory and those who fixed the valves.

SUICIDE OF THE RECORDER OF HERTFORD.—Mr. Horn, the recorder of Hertford, committed suicide on Sunday morning. Mr. Horn had just brought home the remains of his father-in-law, Mr. Gosland, a county magistrate, who died in London on the 24th ult. It was noticed that he was much depressed in spirits, and as he did not come down stairs to breakfast on Sunday morning, and his room was locked, assistance was procured and a ladder was raised against the window, when he was discovered lying on the floor of the room dead from the discharge of a gun, the muzzle of which was at his lips. On the table was a piece of paper, on which was written by the deceased as follows: "I am thoroughly miserable—I have ruined my family—I am driven to madness—my brain is on fire—God forgive me, and protect my wife and children." At an inquest held on the body of the unhappy man, a verdict of "Temporary insanity" was returned.

THE CHARGE OF MURDER AT SEA.—Christie and Millard, the captain and mate of the barque *Elizabeth*, have been again examined at Liverpool, on the charge of having murdered a seaman named Rodriguez while the vessel was on the voyage from New Calabar to Liverpool. The first witness was James Rimmer, the boatswain, who confirmed the evidence given in our impression of Saturday. In cross-examination Rimmer stated that the captain was never drunk on the voyage until the morning when Rodriguez was buried; when he read the service on that occasion he was intoxicated. After that time Christie was continually drunk, as was also the mate; and this while the vessel was in the channel, she was in danger of going on shore during the gale. On this occasion the crew went aft and asked the captain to allow Rimmer to take the command of the ship. Rimmer, who had formerly been captain of vessels, did take the command and brought her into Cork, where all hands were paid off. After some further evidence, the proceedings were again adjourned.

LOSS OF LIFE ON THE BANFFSHIRE COAST.

A LETTER from Aberdeen says:—"On the morning of Monday week, a great number of boats left the various fishing villages in the neighbourhood of Cullen, intending to run to the Dogger Bank (about thirty miles) to fish for haddocks. Scarcely had they reached the fishing-ground when a heavy storm came on with such suddenness as to leave little hope of the boats reaching the shore in safety. Great anxiety was felt for the poor men exposed in their frail bark; and the headlands were crowded with distressed relatives. Towards night, rumours of disaster spread, which Tuesday morning too fully realised. Two boats belonging to Portknockie have been lost, with all on board (eighteen men). One Port Gordon boat came on shore about a mile to the east of Cullen; her crew (nine in number) have perished. A schooner, the Janet and Ann, of Inverness, came on shore near Whitehill, and not a living soul on board; she was dashed to pieces on the rocks. Since, boats belonging to Buckie have also been lost. One, containing eight men, was wrecked at the entrance to the harbour, the poor men perishing in view of their wives and children. The other, the Pink, of Buckie, with seven of a crew, was swamped while running for Cromarty, the boat drifting ashore at Nairn. Thus at least forty-two lives have been lost. The gale prevailed as far north as Wick."

MR. CHARLES HINDLEY, M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne, died on Tuesday morning at his residence at Westminster. His death seems to have been precipitated by the untimely decease of his daughter. Mr. Hindley was the President of the Peace Society.

THE WEATHER IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE has been very boisterous. The Rhone was flooded at Avignon.

THE GRAND DUKE OF BADEN announced at the recent opening of his Legislative Session that the finances were in such a state as to afford better salaries to the public functionaries and also a sum to assist useful institutions.

COLONEL CHARRAS and some other French refugees, who had before been expelled from Belgium, returned there the other day, and received an order from the new Ministry again to quit the territory.

VICE-ADMIRAL WILLIAM FITZWILLIAM OWEN died at St. John's, New Brunswick, on the 3rd ult.

A COUNT ORTOWSKI, a Hungarian major, has been arrested in Baden. Several false passports and revolutionary writings were found in his portmanteau.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 55

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT—CHANGES IN THE PALACE.

A FEW changes have occurred in the Palace of Westminster since Parliament was prorogued; the scaffolding has been removed from the clock-tower, and we are able to see what the men were doing for so many months behind the hoarding up there; and now pronounce—the grumblings of impatient members notwithstanding—that the spire which the boards concealed is a success, that the ornament on the top is not out of character, and that the effect of the gilding repays the cost and labour. This splendid tower is, in our opinion, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Charles Barry. The covering is still, however, over the clock faces, so that the tower has not yet revealed all its beauties. "Big Ben," who ought to have been long ago hanging aloft striking the hours, and helping in the music of the chimes, is still in the shed below, alas! cracked and condemned, waiting to be removed, broken up, and re-cast in a new and better mould. It is a bad affair, and how it occurred nobody seems really to know. But there is, it appears, consolation to be had even under this great calamity; for it has been discovered that, notwithstanding all the praises which were chaunted in the papers when he first was made to speak, the tone was not correct. It was loud enough; and if we had to live in the Speaker's or Sergeant-at-Arms' house immediately below, we should think it far too loud; but it was not good—the two waves of sound which it sent forth were not exactly in harmony with one another. The dissonance was trifling; but painful to the ear. And so we must conclude, that on the whole, it is for the best that this Big Ben, which we were so proud of, should "go to pot." And thus it is that like Samson we draw sweetness and refreshment out of the dead lion. We learn that Mr. Denison—who has studied bells as well as law, and perhaps better—complains that his instructions were not attended to by Mr. Warner, and that Mr. Mears is to recast Big Ben under the strictest surveillance. If Mr. Denison succeeds in getting a really good bell in these modern days, he will deserve great credit, for it is well known that bell casting in perfection has long been considered a lost art. Certainly, no modern bells are like the old ones. We trust, however, that Denison and Mears together will remove this blot from our times. Their fame is at stake, for as Schiller says—

"What now they build in the dam's dark pit
With fire's assisting agency,
Within the belfry's topmost height
Shall loudly of them testify—
'T will strike the ears of many men,
And will endure in later time."

The scaffolding which so long hung round the pinnacles of the Victoria Tower has been cleared away, and this magnificent erection stands perfect in outline before us. It is a stupendous work—probably the largest Gothic tower that ever was erected. It is not nearly so high, though, as Sir Charles Barry intended to carry it. Some say that his foundations gave him a hint that they would bear no more; but we rather think that he found that he had gone high enough for effect, and that to go higher would dwarf the palaces generally in appearance. In Westminster Hall some additional candelabra have been erected. They are of the same florid pattern as the others, very handsome, but quite out of harmony with the simple, grand old building in which they are placed. In St. Stephen's Gallery, a statue of Pitt has just been set up. The great orator and statesman stands exactly opposite his opponent Fox. There is still one vacant pedestal, and on that Burke is to be placed. It surely is a mistake to make the judges and orators in this gallery all declaiming. As you look down the line, and see them all in oratorical attitudes, the effect is very odd, and not pleasant. Repose, quietude, is the characteristic of Gothic architecture; and if all these gentlemen had been sculptured in calm attitudes, the effect would have been far better. Statues of saints and warriors, with which the old Gothic architects ornamented their buildings so profusely, were never seen in a state of violent action.

In the Commons' corridor, we notice two new frescoes by Ward. Both are historic paintings. The subject of the one on the left is "Alice Lisle concealing the Fugitives after the battle of Sedgemoor." That on the right is "The Executioner tying Wishart's Book round the neck of Montrose." The subjects of the other frescoes in the corridor will be as follows:—"Escape of Charles II.," "Monk declaring for a Free Parliament," "Landing of Charles II.," "Sleep of Argyle before his Execution," "Acquittal of the Bishops," and "Lords and Commons presenting the Crown to William III."

CHANGES IN THE HOUSE.

There are several changes amongst the members since we last met together. Parliament was hardly prorogued, when Mr. Platt, the new member for Oldham, was accidentally shot. He was only 32 years old when he met with his death in this mournful manner. He was not, and never would have been, had he lived, a prominent member of the House. But he was a man of good education and sound sense, and was respected by all who knew him. Next we heard of the death of Major Warburton, whose end was still more melancholy, for he committed suicide. He was the brother of Elliot Warburton, the author of "The Cross and the Crescent," who was lost at sea, and was himself an author. He came into Parliament at the general election, but he had not spoken more than once or twice, and then but briefly. Later, Mr. Stafford's death startled all who knew him; he was an old member, and his name appeared often in the debates; an amiable, clever man; but it was quite a mistake to say, as some of the papers did, that he was a power in the House. He mostly of late spoke upon the subject of military and naval hospitals, and other salutary measures connected with the service. He was generally, but not always, listened to with patience, and something more. He was rather celebrated in private circles for his wit and humour; but it is another error to suppose that he was a lord amongst real wits, though he may have been a wit amongst lords. That he was a kind-hearted, excellent man (which is still better), there can be no doubt. He never got entirely over the affair of the dockyards, which brought him so prominently before the public when he was Secretary to the Admiralty under Lord Derby. The morality of the House of Commons is very eccentric. Many members now in high position in the House have been guilty of worse crimes at elections than he was, without being damaged in character thereby. The foregoing are, we believe, all the deaths that have occurred. Mr. Fox takes his old place in the room of Mr. Platt; Major Warburton and Mr. O'Brien Stafford's places are not filled up. The leading members of the House are all here, or will be. Lord Palmerston's vigour is not yet materially impaired by age, the gout, and anxieties of office, though he is in his seventy-fifth year—has been almost continually in office since 1809—has the gout every year—and during his Premiership has had the weight of the Russian war, the Chinese outbreak, and the Indian mutiny upon his shoulders—and has had also to encounter a formidable defeat—a dissolution and general election. Mr. Hayter, his aide-de-camp, is the same as ever—as brisk and active as he was twenty years ago. Time has not drawn a wrinkle on his face, nor hardly turned a hair of his head gray. How old he is, Dod does not tell us, but as he was called to the bar in 1819, he is probably over sixty. Mr. Disraeli walks into the House solemn and slow as usual—full to the brim no doubt of speeches on Indian matters, all well studied, and laid by (to use his own expression) "in the pigeon-holes of his brain." But he is not the only one thus loaded and primed. "What will you bet," said an Hon. Member, "that Ayrton does not speak the first night!" "Bet! I'll take the odds that he speaks on the average every day during the session." Ayrton has been to India, and every man who has been to India thinks he knows how it ought to be governed. "Messmates," said a sailor once, after listening to an astronomical lecture, "don't you believe what that duffer says; I've been all over the world, and it isn't round, it's as flat as this table."

THE COMMONS SUMMONED TO THE LORDS.

But here comes the Black Rod to summon her Majesty's faithful Commons. If you look up the corridor leading to "the Lords," you may see her most gracious Majesty upon her throne. The passage from the Commons to the Lords is straight as an arrow, and when the fog which usually hovers about the passages permits, the Queen and Mr. Speaker can see each other. Black Rod has backed out; and, followed by Mr. Speaker in his best gold-trimmed robes, and preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms in full

trim, with mace on shoulder, conducts the Commons to the bar of the House, to hear the Queen's "most gracious speech." The first rank of members, comprising the Cabinet Ministers, walk in tolerable order, but all the rest push, and crowd, and try to struggle into the front, like a mob at a penny theatre. And the divinity "which doth hedge" a prince can scarcely keep them from thrusting the Prime Minister head first on to the trainbearer's back. Old Bailey, if such a catastrophe should happen, would pitch the Speaker on to the Sergeant-at-Arms, floor the mace, and terribly disturb the dignity of these high functionaries. Nor is this a catastrophe unlikely some day to happen, for more than once the trainbearer has been fairly jostled by the crowd, and in one instance his dress sword, which report says has only a wooden blade, was snapped asunder. At the bar of the Lords, the crowding and struggling is still more fierce. Fortunately the bar is strong enough to bear the pressure, or my Lord Eversley, when he was Speaker, would several times have been forcibly compelled to prostrate himself in the presence of Majesty, more after the manner of a Siamese Ambassador than that which becomes the President of England's House of Commons. It is very difficult to get into the House of Peers when the Queen is there; but occasionally admittance can be obtained to the Queen's Gallery—a noble apartment behind the throne, through which her Majesty passes. This room is one of the noblest in the palace. It is oblong in shape, and on these occasions a gallery of seats is erected on each side, rising from the floor towards the ceiling, for the public. The front of these galleries is lined by a troop of Life Guards, and up the centre marches the Royal procession. The gallery is not finished yet. Scaffolding was erected for the purpose of finishing it, but when it was announced that her Majesty intended to open Parliament in person, all this, which took a month to erect, was swept away in a day. The speech has been delivered. Mr. Speaker is returning, and will come to the House; but the business will not commence until the evening, when the speech will be read and an address be moved. The mover and seconder on these occasions, if they hold any military appointment or are deputy-lieutenants of counties, appear in uniform, or otherwise in court dress.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT was opened on Thursday by her Majesty in person. The Royal procession, which left Buckingham Palace shortly before two o'clock, was in accordance with the time-honoured programme, and need not be described in detail. The state carriage was occupied by the Queen, Prince Albert, the Master of the Horse (the Duke of Wellington), and the Mistress of the Robes. It was preceded by several Royal carriages, containing the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Prince Frederick-William of Prussia, the Lord Chamberlain, and other officers and ladies of the household.

Her Majesty was received at the grand entrance under the Victoria Tower by the great officers of State, and was thence conducted to the Robing Room. On leaving that apartment to proceed to the Throne, her Majesty was accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, Princess Royal, Prince Frederick-William, the Mistress of the Robes, the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Lansdowne bearing the Crown, Earl Granville the Sword of State, and the Marquis of Winchester the Cap of Maintenance. Her Majesty was conducted to the throne by the Prince Consort; the whole of the distinguished assemblage standing. Having taken her seat, the Queen by a slight gesture indicated her wish that the company should resume their seats, and the rustling of dresses which this occasioned being over, her Majesty, supported on either side by the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales, commanded Sir Augustus Clifford, the Usher of the Black Rod, to summon the House of Commons to the bar. A few minutes afterwards the Speaker in his state robes, attended by the Sergeant-at-Arms and a numerous cluster of Members, made his appearance, when the Lord Chancellor, kneeling at the foot of the Throne, presented the Speech to the Queen. Her Majesty, in a clear voice, heard in every part of the chamber, thereupon read as follows:—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"Circumstances have recently arisen, connected with the commercial interests of the country, which have induced me to call Parliament together before the usual time.

"The failure of certain joint-stock banks and of some mercantile firms produced such an extent of distrust as led me to authorise my Ministers to recommend to the Directors of the Bank of England the adoption of a course of proceeding which appeared necessary for allaying the prevalent alarm. As that course has involved a departure from the existing law, a bill for indemnifying those who advised and those who adopted it will be submitted for your consideration.

"I have observed with great regret that the disturbed state of commercial transactions in general has occasioned a diminution of employment in the manufacturing districts, which I fear cannot fail to be attended with much local distress; I trust, however, that this evil may not be of long duration; and the abundant harvest with which it has graciously pleased Divine Providence to bless this land will, I hope, in some degree mitigate the sufferings which this state of things must unavoidably produce.

"While I deeply deplore the severe suffering to which many of my subjects in India have been exposed, and while I grieve for the extensive bereavements and sorrow which it has caused, I have derived the greatest satisfaction from the distinguished successes which have attended the heroic exertions of the comparatively small forces which have been opposed to greatly superior numbers, without the aid of the powerful reinforcements despatched from this country to their assistance. The arrival of those reinforcements will, I trust, speedily complete the suppression of this widely-spread revolt.

"The gallantry of the troops employed against the mutineers, their courage in action, their endurance under privation, fatigue, and the effects of climate; the high spirit and self-devotion of the officers; the ability, skill, and persevering energy of the commanders, have excited my warmest admiration; and I have observed with equal gratification that many civilians placed in extreme difficulty and danger have displayed the highest qualities, including, in some instances, those that would do honour to veteran soldiers.

"It is satisfactory to know that the general mass of the population of India have taken no part in the rebellion, while the most considerable of the native Princes have acted in the most friendly manner, and have rendered most important services.

"I have given directions that papers relating to these matters shall be laid before you.

"The affairs of my East Indian dominions will require your serious consideration, and I recommend them to your earnest attention.

"The nations of Europe are in the enjoyment of the blessings of peace, which nothing seems likely to disturb.

"The stipulations of the Treaty which I concluded with the Shah of Persia have been faithfully carried into execution, and the Persian forces have evacuated the territory of Herat.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

"I have given directions that the Estimates for the next year shall be prepared for the purpose of being laid before you. They will be framed with a careful regard to the exigencies of the public service.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"Your attention will be called to the laws which regulate the representation of the people in Parliament, with a view to consider what amendments may be safely and beneficially made therein.

"Measures will be submitted for your consideration for simplifying and amending the laws relating to real property, and also for consolidating and amending several important branches of the criminal law.

"I confidently commit to your wisdom the great interests of my Empire, and I fervently pray that the blessing of Almighty God may attend your counsels, and may guide your deliberations to those ends which are dearest to my heart—the happiness and prosperity of my loyal and faithful people."

THE LEVIATHAN.

We beg to announce to our readers that, on the completion of the Launch of the Leviathan, we propose to publish an extra number of our paper, to be entitled

THE LEVIATHAN NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

It will contain a history of the origin, mode of construction, and eventual floating of this gigantic ship; with the amplest statistical information respecting her cost, her particular and general dimensions, her passenger accommodation, her means of propulsion, and anticipated speed. The whole prefixed by a popular account of the history of steam navigation from the early essays of Bell and Fulton to the latest results of modern times.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS,

from Photographs by Joseph Cundall and Robert Howlett, taken expressly for this journal, and exhibiting the ship at the various stages of her construction. Also, views of her bows, stern, and broadside in her present state; with representations of the launching tackle and appurtenances while at work; a large and accurate general view of the final launch; and a full-length portrait of Mr. Brunel, the eminent engineer, &c., &c.

The Leviathan Number of the "Illustrated Times" will contain an amount of matter and engravings sufficient to fill an octavo volume; nevertheless, it will be published at the same price as an ordinary number of the paper, namely, 2d., or Stamped to go Free by Post, 3d.

It is necessary that all who wish to possess this complete illustrated record of one of the most wonderful undertakings of modern times, should give immediate orders to the news-agents, as after the day of publication it will be difficult if not impossible to obtain copies.

On December 19th will be published,

THE CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER

OF THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

Embracing a collection of Tales, Poems, and Sketches appropriate to the Season, and containing the following admirably-executed Engravings:—

CAUGHT IN THE SNOW. A PRESENT FROM THE FARM.
AFTER THE PARTY: PLEASANT COMPANY HOME.
CHRISTMAS BELLS: RINGERS AT THE CHURCH PORCH.
IN THE BITTER COLD.
FOUR TABLEAUX OF CHRISTMAS—CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, MANHOOD, AND OLD AGE.
THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS PIE—PROCESSION TO THE BANQUETTING HALL.
CHRISTMAS GAME: STILL LIFE.
CHRISTMAS EVE TWO CENTURIES AND A HALF AGO: SCENE—THE TAVERN DOOR.
CHRISTMAS MORNING: MINSTRELS AT AN OLD ENGLISH MANOR HOUSE.
THE CHRISTMAS LORD OF MISERIE.
OPEN HOUSE FOR THE POOR, &c., &c.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE YEAR 1858.

MASTER PIECES OF MODERN ART.

The Proprietors of the "Illustrated Times" inform their subscribers that they have been engaged for many months past in the preparation of a series of most highly-finished Engravings on a large scale, to be printed separately from the paper, and which they propose to issue at short intervals throughout the coming year. Specimens of these Engravings will be shortly in the hands of the news-agents, and the Proprietors will allow these specimens to speak for themselves, feeling confident that they will more than realise any eulogy they could bestow upon them.

The first of these Engravings will be issued early in January, 1858. Some idea of the sterling and interesting character of the series may be gained from the following list of subjects already completed:—

The Return from Hawking	Painted by Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
The Wolf and the Lamb	W. Mulready, R.A.
Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman	C. Leslie, R.A.
The Shepherd's Chief Mourner	Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
The Canterbury Pilgrims	T. Stothard, R.A.
The Young Princes in the Tower	Paul Delaroche
Happy as a King	W. Collins, R.A.
Crossing the Bridge	Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
Family Happiness	Meyerheim.
Old English Hospitality	G. Cattermole.
The Sanctuary	Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
Crossing the Brook	J. M. W. Turner, R.A.
The Death of Queen Elizabeth	Paul Delaroche.
The Last In	W. Mulready, R.A.
Woodland Dance	T. Stothard, R.A.
A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society	Sir E. Landseer, R.A.

VALUABLE MAPS ON A LARGE SCALE.

During forthcoming year the Proprietors will also issue at least Six Elaborately-Engraved Maps, the same size as the Map of London, published by them in March last. The first of these will be

A GRAND MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES,

from the recent Ordnance Surveys, and including all the Railways throughout the Kingdom. The size will be 40 inches by 35 inches, and specimens will be ready in the course of a fortnight.

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1857.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE Speech with which her Majesty opened Parliament on Thursday is so judicious that its authorship could scarcely be mistaken. The licence accorded to the Bank of England is naturally first touched upon, and in referring to this subject, which everybody comprehends, and which will stand no blinking, the language of the Speech is explicit and complete enough. A commercial panic arises; to arrest its progress, her Majesty authorises her Ministers to allow an infringement of the Bank Charter Act; and a bill of indemnity for the Bank and for the Government is to be asked for. Connected with the money-market panic is the distress in our manufacturing districts; and to this the Speech adverts in a tone at once tender and hopeful—the best possible tone. India is then referred to; and indeed, with this topic the greater portion of the speech is occupied. The sufferings to which our fellow-subjects have been exposed, the bereavements and sorrows occasioned by the revolt, are deeply deplored; and we believe there is nothing in the speech more true to the feelings of our Queen than the passage in which her grief for these sorrows is expressed. Then follows a panegyric upon the courage, endurance, and skill with which the rebellion is met—every word of which will be echoed throughout the country, as it is meant to be. And then, in the midst of the hurrahs that follow this grateful passage, the real Indian question is introduced and dismissed in two meagre and meaningless lines. Not long ago, it was announced that Ministers intended to propose the abolition of the "double government" of India—that is to say, the abolition of the East India Company. Some improvement in the administration of Indian affairs was on all hands demanded; and an intimation of what was to be done in this most important matter was anxiously looked for. What information we get is comprised in the following lines:—

"The affairs of my East Indian dominions will require your serious consideration, and I recommend them to your earnest attention."

So we are still left to speculate as to what the bold Palmerston proposes to do with the East India Company. The fact is, public opinion has not sufficiently declared itself on the subject.

On the question of reform, however, this difficulty does not exist. Reform meetings have lately been held in some strength; reform manifestoes have been issued; and something like a reform league or party threatened to arise out of the present House of Commons—feeble as it is. This was a matter, then, not to be so lightly passed over; and Parliament is promised that its attention will be

called to the laws which regulate the representation of the people, with a view to consider what amendments may be safely and beneficially made therein. This is a promise that a measure of Parliamentary Reform will be introduced by the Government during the present short session, and certainly must be satisfactory. That this measure will be a very extensive one, the caution with which it is referred to forbids us to expect; nor is it at all likely that the promised bill, if introduced this session, will be discussed to any purpose. However, the Government has expressed its recognition of the necessity for reform: it has pledged itself to introduce the question; which otherwise, if left unrequited, might have bred much discontent, and given a pretext for interested clamourers, and a political name for the disquiet which must always accompany periods of industrial depression.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY AND THE PRINCE CONSORT, accompanied by the Princess Royal, and Prince Frederick-William of Prussia, arrived at Buckingham Palace from Windsor, on Wednesday.

A GREAT REFORM BANQUET is in contemplation, we hear. It will take place shortly after the opening of Parliament, to review the forces of the Liberals, to test the professions of their leaders, and to demonstrate to the Cabinet the determination of its supporters to keep Lord Palmerston to his pledge.

ABOUT 1,000 SOLDIERS, sick and wounded, are now on their way home from India. They will be quartered on landing at the invalid depot at Chatham. The invalid troops employed in the Persian and Chinese expeditions are also daily expected at St. Mary's Barracks, Chatham.

THE GOVERNMENT has determined to erect a circular battery to defend Kingstown harbour, and to arm it with 68-pounders. It will furnish employment for a year, and comes in opportunely at this season of distress.

THE EARL OF ST. GERMAN has been appointed Lord Steward of the Queen's Household, in the room of Earl Spencer, resigned.

THE QUEEN has appointed Mr. Redgrave, R.A., Surveyor of her Majesty's Pictures, in the place of the late Mr. Uxbridge. The duties are said to be extended to a superintendence over all works of Art in the Royal collection.

THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY'S "Year of Revolution" is to be translated forthwith into French, and published in Paris.

CAPTAIN THE HONOURABLE THOMAS PELHAM has been appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty, in the room of Admiral Berkeley.

SICKNESS PREVAILS VERY LARGELY at Berlin at present. When winter sets in there is generally a good deal of illness, but this year it is much greater than usual. Among the sufferers is the venerable Humboldt.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE was last week thrown while hunting with the Earl of Scarborough's hounds, and dislocated his shoulder. The Earl of Scarborough is himself indisposed, owing to a fall received while shooting a few months ago.

THE FRENCH DISTILLERS are meeting and memorialising the Government for increased "protection." They demand an augmentation of the import duty on foreign spirits, as they find they cannot compete with the foreign distiller.

THE NEWS FROM THE GOLD FIELDS near Nelson in New Zealand shows that there are really valuable deposits in the rivers. Eight men got nine pounds of gold from Slave river in one day. Unwards of £10,000 worth of gold has been found in Nelson, while some goes to Wellington or remains in the hands of the diggers.

AMONGST THE GOSSIPS OF NAPLES, it is said that a soldier lately, and most earnestly, requested permission to see his Majesty. The audience was granted, but on condition that the man should be dressed in the presence of his captain, who was to inspect him from head to foot, and be responsible for him.

THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS FOR OCTOBER show an increase of £318,838 in the exports; there is a decrease in almost as many items as those which exhibit an increase, but the total of the latter predominates. There was a fall-off in the imports of nearly every article of food and raw materials.

AT THE "STATUTES" now being held in Yorkshire, many men and boys have declined to take service, because the farmers wish to lower their wages from 4s. 6d. to 3s. per week. When wheat was dearer, wages were about 1s. a week. Here is an opportunity for the recruiting sergeants.

A ROUGH ACCOUNT of the state of the Indian Relief Fund up to the 24th ult. has been published. The receipts had been £280,749; and the money sent to India for distribution or expended here, rather over £60,000, and power given in India to draw for £19,000 more.

LOMBARDY is in a condition of great impoverishment—ground down by excessive taxation, at a time when bad crops of silk and wine have reduced the means of the cultivators. Town and country are alike "dead."

DR. LIVINGSTONE has postponed his visit to Lisbon, in consequence of the epidemic there having increased.

THE NOVEL EXPERIMENT of killing pigs while under the influence of chloroform, has been successfully tried at Kendal.

THE RIGHT HON. E. HORSMAN has had his arm fractured by a fall from his horse.

COUNT AQUILA, a brother of King Bomba, has indicted his valet for an attempt to poison him (Aquila) by means of a bottle of wine.

A LETTER FROM WARSAW of the 24th ult., says—"An explosion took place at the Citadel here a day or two ago. Seven men were killed on the spot, and seven others dreadfully wounded."

THE GREAT EASTERN STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S BIG STEAMER acquired among the people of Poplar the name of the Leave-her-high-and-dry-athan.

AT PORTSMOUTH, five children were swinging on a rope connected with a smack and a beam, when their weight caused the latter to topple over a cliff; three of them were instantly killed, and two fearfully injured.

THE VISIT OF LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE to England is entirely in relation to his private affairs. He has looked for leave of absence for some time past, but was detained at Constantinople by the important business of the embassy.

THE ONCE FORMIDABLE KAFFIR CHIEF MAQUA, better known as Macomo, has been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, for the offence of being found in the Cape Colony without a pass. He was conveyed to Graham's Town by an armed party of the frontier mounted police.

COMPLAINTS WERE MADE IN Prussia last year of the small number of young men in the capital fit for military service. The result of the last drawing was still more unfavourable, as, out of 12,085, only 876 were found fit for service. This is a sad sign of the physical degeneracy of young men in large cities.

SOME SUBALTERN OFFICERS stationed with their regiments at Canterbury, "forgetful of the distinctions of rank which it is considered so important to preserve, invited a non-commissioned officer to their table, which having come to the knowledge of the Commandant, has caused their being placed under arrest."

RECENT OFFICIAL RETURNS OF THE FRENCH POPULATION show little improvement upon the census of 1855, when there was actually a preponderance of deaths over births in Paris to the number of 250,000.

THE POPE has issued a bull, authorising the substitution of the word "Emperor" for that of "King" in the French Prayer-books.

THE SARDINIAN GOVERNMENT is encouraging the circulation of English newspapers in its territory.

THE FRENCH MINISTER at Rome and the Papal Government, it is said, are at variance, in consequence of the former pressing for reforms.

GOVERNMENT is about to pull down Fort Malinda, situated between Greenwich and Gournay, and, after completely remodelling it, to mount it with eight guns of large calibre.

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP HASTINGS will be placed on the Holyhead station, for recruiting volunteers for the Coast Guard service, early in the spring.

THE STATES OF MECKLENBURG have, for the second time, rejected the proposition to establish civil equality between Jews and Christians.

THE EXTENSIVE ESTATES OF THE LATE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY, in the county of Louth, have been sold in the Encumbered Estates Court, Dublin. The gross sum amounted to £87,500.

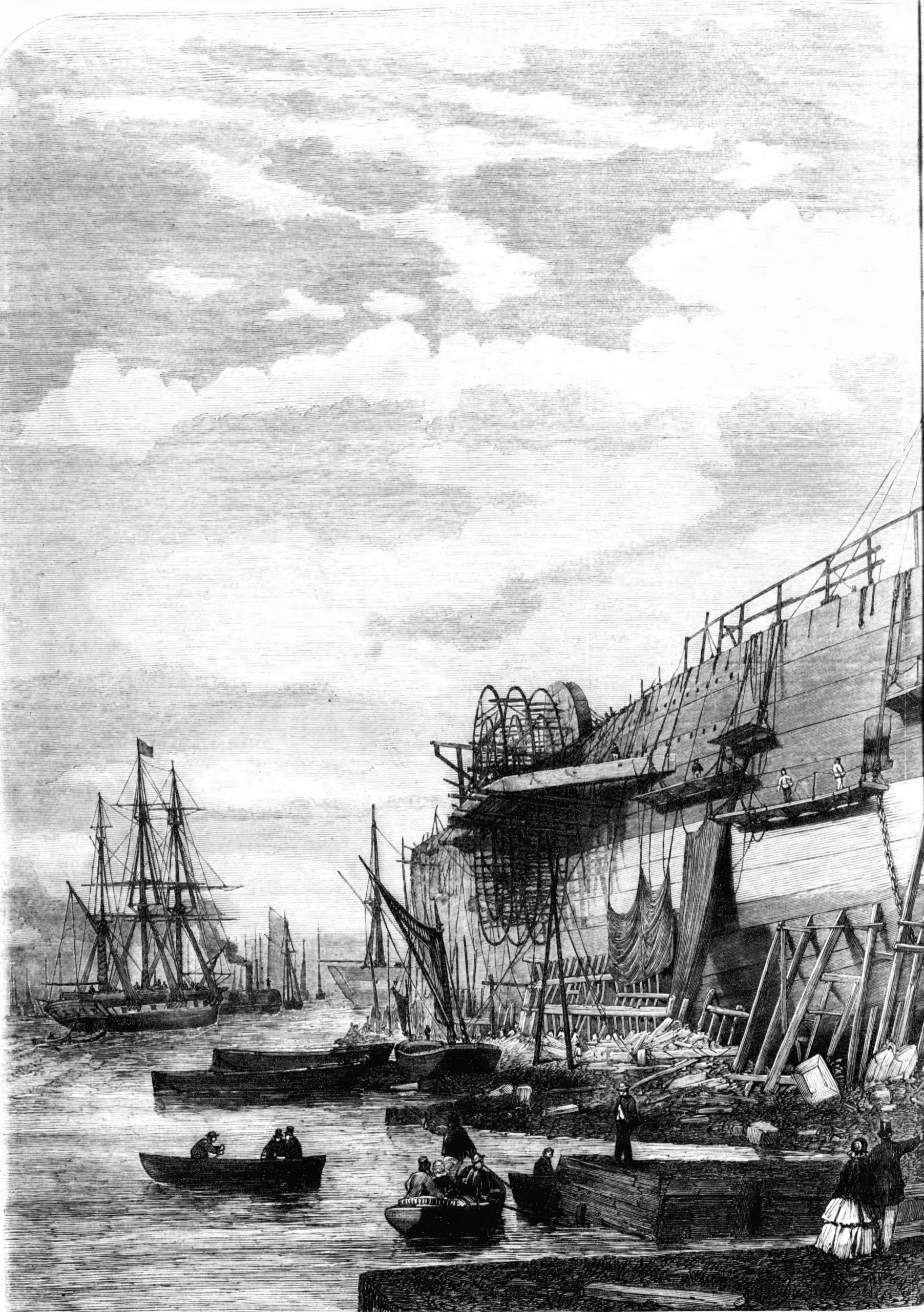
THE DUCHESS DE BRABANT is likely soon to give a successor to the throne of Belgium.

THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA has called on the authorities of the kingdom to promote the raising of subscriptions in favour of the sufferers by the catastrophe at Mayence. His Royal Highness has himself given a sum of 10,000 dollars.

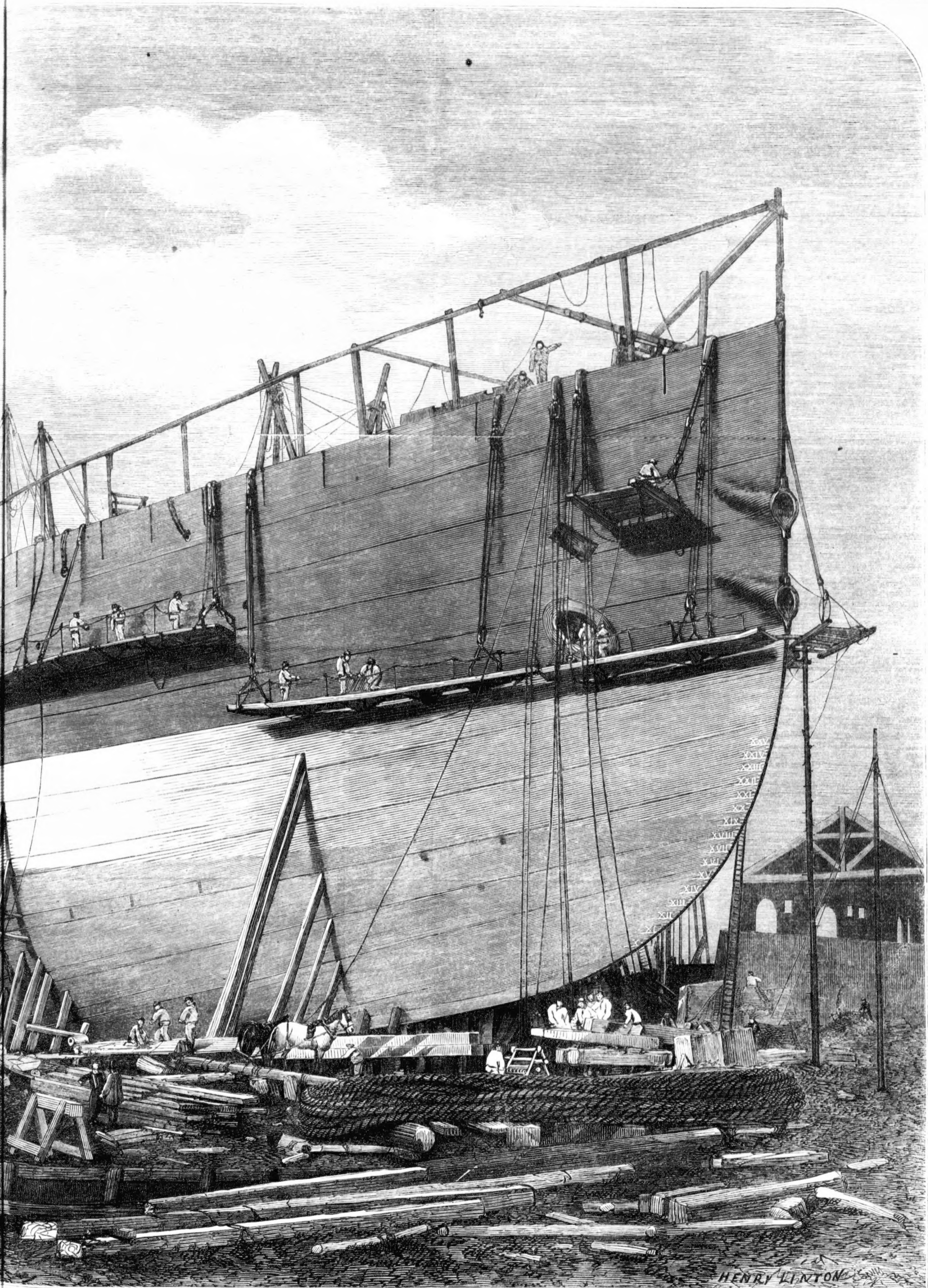
THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY of the Polish war of independence of 1830-31 was celebrated on Monday by the Polish residents in London.

THE NEW CORN EXCHANGE just finished by the Corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, forming part of a large group of corporate buildings in St. Nicholas Square, was opened on Saturday.

THE L'ANGELIER FUND, raised on behalf of L'Angelier's mother, has been remitted to her. It amounted to £89 9s. 3d.



THE LEVIATHAN IN THE YARD AT MILLWALL.



HENRY LINTON

BEFORE THE LAUNCH.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. HOWLETT.)

LAUNCHING THE LEVIATHAN.

A THIRD attempt was made on Saturday to move the *Leviathan* into the water; it was successful.

The intention to effect the launch was kept secret, and even the workmen in the yard were scarcely aware of the intention until the ship had moved to some extent. The buttresses of the hydraulic ram had been considerably strengthened since the previous attempt, and every precaution was taken to prevent the recurrence of disappointment. The operations commenced about a quarter past ten, under the direction of Mr. Brunel, the engineer, and Captain Harrison. Their first efforts were directed to get the head of the ship in a line with the stern, the fore part being about 25 inches in advance of the stern towards the water. The hydraulic presses were applied, and in less than a minute the ship began gradually to move, and in the course of half an hour had got into a straight position, having moved rather more than two feet forward. The more difficult task of forcing her down the ways was then commenced. The four powerful hydraulic presses were simultaneously put into action, and a strain put upon the chains. The ship almost immediately obeyed the immense power which bore upon her, and began to move gently down, a little more than an inch a minute. One of the mooring chains gave way at an early period, but it did not in the least affect the progress of the ship. The presses and chains were kept in full play, and the ship continued her slow journey down the ways. The operations were continued until half-past four, by which time the ship had moved altogether 15 feet 4 inches forward, and 13 feet aft, having travelled equally stem and stern. The entire distance to be traversed by the cradles was about 300 feet.

After the vessel had passed a short distance, the iron ways were carefully examined, and it was found that on the spot on which the ship had rested so long, the metal had not become in the least laminated, and that the friction of the two opposing iron surfaces had been greatly exaggerated. The progress of the vessel was so completely under control, and so gradual, that its advance could not be distinguished except by the most minute observation.

During Saturday night Captain Harrison saw to the repair of the mooring chains, and further secured that at the stern by fastening it at the opposite side of the river to a block of stone weighing fifteen tons, which at low water was buried seven feet deep in the earth. Soon after daylight on Sunday morning the men were all at their posts, and at eight o'clock were all at work. In five minutes the necessity for not allowing the ship to rest on the ways was demonstrated, for it was found impossible to start her again after the settlement of the night. The men strained every muscle, the hydraulic machines splintered the beams against which they pushed like reeds, but all in vain. As fast as the timbers yielded under the pressure fresh wedges were driven in, and iron ballast was piled on and around the supporting timbers of the rams; but more than an hour was lost in such efforts, during which the tackle which pulled her towards the river was taxed beyond its strength. Two of the four mooring chains that remained amidships were broken. The mooring chain, barge and all, at the bows, began to drag, and the chain at the stern not only came in but dragged the fifteen ton block of granite from the earth right across the river, and up on to the shore high and dry under the *Leviathan's* stern. Still she never moved or showed a sign of moving. Another expedient was then tried, and three extemporaneous battering rams were rigged up—two at the forward cradle and one aft. These rams were formed of bars of heavy timber, shod with iron. Each of them was worked by thirty men, with long ropes, but, though driven with prodigious force against the cradles, when the pressure of the hydraulic machines was at the highest, the vibration did no good, though it was felt even upon the ship's decks. Till eleven o'clock these efforts were continued, but without success.

Another plan was then resolved on. All the screw jacks in the yard were collected, and many more procured from Mr. Penn's factory opposite, and all these, with two small hydraulic jacks, each of 40-ton power, were fixed against her side. These were then set to work, and when the last ounce of pressure which could be got out of them had been exerted, the *Leviathan* again began to move. Her progress was at first very slow, but in other respects much the same as the day before. After a while she got into regular trim, and moved at the rate of about an inch per second, and so continued until dusk again put an end to the labour. At that time her progress for the day was 98 inches forward, and 100 inches aft—making her whole movement since Saturday 23 feet 4 inches forward, and 21 feet 4 inches aft.

On Monday morning operations were commenced at 9 o'clock. Contrary to expectation the vessel moved at the first pressure, and began to creep very, very slowly down the ways. Her progress at first was at the rate of inch in about two minutes, but after a while it improved, and continued for some time at an inch per 40 seconds. As the vessel advanced from the place at which the hydraulic rams are fixed, it was necessary each time the pistons were driven out to their full pressure to fit in beams of sufficient length to reach the cradles and push her on again. This occasioned great loss of time, but still the work went steadily. At one o'clock the workmen went to dinner, returning at two. The hour's pause seemed to have exercised an adverse influence on the further progress of the ship. For a long time it was very difficult to move her, though the screw jacks and hydraulic machines were pressed to their utmost, and the men at the double windlasses broke the great mooring chain which dragged her bows to the stream. Suddenly the monster slipped on the ways—5 inches forward and 9 inches aft. She slid this distance in the space of a single second, and with an awful rumbling kind of noise, which at once seemed distant and alarmingly near. This sudden motion and her tremulous vibration surprised and alarmed the men, who all dropped their tools and stood prepared to run at the first signal of danger. There was no occasion for alarm, however, and the pressure was again gradually applied to the cradles on every part with redoubled vigour, but all in vain. The jerk and sudden stoppage evidently fixed her with unusual firmness, and no efforts could dislodge her, though the pressure from the rams was applied with such force that a beam seventeen inches square crumpled up like a reed and bounded into the air from a strain of about 800 tons. This was soon replaced by another and a stronger beam, which was bound to the ways and loaded at the point with ballast. This held out with the others for a long time, and the struggle between the pressure applied and the passive resistance of the great masses of timber at last became one of almost terrible interest. The beam strained, cracked, and vibrated, the escape valves of the rams were loaded with weights, the men could scarcely move the handles, but still the vessel did not yield. In the midst of these great united attempts a loud dull explosion, followed by a rattling sound, occurred, and in a minute after it was known that one of the 10-inch hydraulic rams had burst its cylinder from top to bottom. The thickness of solid iron which had thus given way under the pressure of a few quarts of cold water was 7½ inches, and a comparison of the diameter of the piston with the force it was exerting on the area of timber showed that the cylinder had only yielded under the stupendous pressure of some 12,000lbs. or 13,000lbs. to the square inch. Of course no ill effect attended its bursting. This accident put an end to all further efforts for the day. The ship had then moved 138 inches forward and 176 aft.

Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in replacing the useless machine, and in other preparations for a great effort. Five machines of equal power to that destroyed were ready to replace it. One was placed in its station, two others were fixed close to the side of the cradle, leaving two in reserve in case of new mishaps. Other mechanical arrangements were made, such as the substitution of new beams for the rams to act on, and the sinking of Trotman's anchors in the river, the tackle which hauls the vessel in that direction being secured to those powerful holdfasts. Prince Frederick-William of Prussia was among the few visitors admitted into the yard on Wednesday.

MARIO PERSECUTED.—The "Court Journal" tells of an English lady "whose persecutions of Mario attracted so much attention in Paris last year—whose box at the Italiens was made with a sliding panel to draw before her whenever Mario left the stage—and who followed that blessed tenor from city to city, from clime to clime. She has just died from the effects of burns incurred some time since by her dress catching fire just as she was on the point of starting for the opera to hear Mario once more in the 'Barbiere.'"

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

It will be recollected that a number of our artists, among them the principal members of the pre-Raphaelite school, formed a collection of their works which was forwarded to New York for the purposes of exhibition and sale. The first report of the committee has now been received. The exhibition, consisting of 170 oil pictures and 186 water colour drawings, opened on the 19th of October. The attendance on the private view day was crowded and brilliant; the receipts for admission have been very satisfactory; public opinion has pronounced itself in strong and uniform eulogy; but—the opinion of commerce and money matters has utterly prevented any sales being made. Under these circumstances, the favourable conditions of the case being so decided and the one unfavourable condition so exceptional, it has been determined to exhibit the pictures in other cities of the Union besides New York, and the prospects from Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore, are announced as good. It appears to me that the committee are right in coming to this decision. The panic will, as a matter of course, subside; equally, as a matter of course, there will be a strong disposition to purchase unnecessary articles; and as the Americans buy principally for the name of the artist, and all the pictures out there are by well-known men, the probability is, that the collection will realise high prices.

The theatrical world has a little excitement just at present. On the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal, her Majesty's Theatre is to be opened for three nights (whether gratuitously or not is not known) for dramatic representations. And the principal actors in London are to appear. If Mr. Wigan's health will allow him, he will play in "Parents and Guardians," with Mr. and Mrs. Keeley. Only one person holds back, and he, I need scarcely say, is Mr. Charles Kean, who invariably studiously avoids any co-operation with his brother professionals, for any purpose whatever. The ground of his refusal is that, as manager of the Court Theatricals, he should have had the direction of affairs, whereas it has been given to Mr. Lumley and Mr. Mitchell. Who is in the right remains to be proved; I merely state facts as they stand.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE new number of BLACKWOOD, though rather heavy, contains much pleasant and instructive reading. The first article, on "Our Indian Empire," is one of those admirably graphic essays, for which in old times "Maga" was famous, and which she still produces from time to time. The question of our present rule in the East is calmly and impartially discussed, while our late calamities and future prospects are sensibly and hopefully touched upon. "Phrenology in France," after a general review of the science, takes M. Louis Peisse's new work, "La Médecine et les Médecins," as its groundwork, and by quoting the striking examples deduced by him, shows us how phrenology has fallen into discredit among his countrymen. Among other cases quoted by M. Peisse are those of Margiemer, a Sicilian calculating boy of wonderful powers—quite the George Bidder of his country, in whose skull not only was there a want of development of the organ of number, but a decided depression instead of a remarkable eminence at that part where, by phrenologists, the organ is placed—and of Napoleon. The French Emperor's skull, as judged from a partial cast taken immediately after death, was decidedly a small one, and the dimensions as represented by busts and on coins, more especially those of the frontal region, have always been ridiculously exaggerated. The skull of Descartes was also curiously small. The entire analysis of M. Peisse's essay is clearly and cleverly written, and is, I should imagine, from the pen of Mr. G. H. Lewes. Part four of the series of essays "Afloat" will serve to increase the admiration which every reader must have felt for the wholesome heartiness and quaint power of description which characterise the writer. He is on Portuguese ground now, but starting with a Lisbon fair, he jumps off at a tangent, and gives us a glorious picture of an English fair, as his memory paints it, some thirty years ago. The difference between the two merry-making and their attendants—a difference partly caused by the lapse of time, and partly by the change of country and manners—is admirably rendered; while the picture of the little town of Buccellas and its environs is Dickensian in its minuteness and its truth. The re-publication of the "Boscobel Tracts," relative to the escape of Charles the Second after the battle of Worcester, and his subsequent adventures, furnish matter for a pleasant gossiping letter from the nudifying Tlepolemus to the equally immortal Irenæus, and also enable the Blackwoodian writer to indoctrinate his subscribers with a love for "that vital and vivifying Toryism which embraces and beautifies antiquity, as ivy doth a ruin, which can cheerfully and heartily accept the times in which it lives with their world-wide activities, and boldly put on the great feature of social progress the imprimatur of ancient reverence." A timely paper on the "Religion of India" concludes the number.

Critical articles predominate in FRASER this month, and they are for the most part very pleasant reading. A favourable review of Waterton's "Essays on Natural History" (third series) opens the number. We next light upon an essay which, under the title of "Recent Metaphysical Works," does literary justice, at least, to Mr. G. H. Lewes, the Rev. Frederick Maurice, and Professor Fleming. The clearness, unaffected vivacity, and conscientiousness of the first-named writer, appear to have impressed his critic. Mr. Wyle Melville's story, "The Interpreter," is concluded this month. What can the editor be about, to admit such verse as that which the writer calls "A Summer Vision," and in which "lustrous" is opposed as a rhyme to "wondrous," "tresses" to "meshes," and "window" to "shadow"? The feebleness of the last stanza really induces a notion that the whole is meant for burlesque. *Eccæ*—

"At last she faded like a dream,
The trees her form concealing—
Now, Heaven be praised for this gleam,
True fairyland revealing!"

The present number concludes the fourth volume of the TRAIN. The matter has been generally well kept up, and some new ingredients of interest are promised for the coming year. I am glad to see, too, that the illustrations are to receive special attention, as I have noticed a falling off in this department. Two years' existence has sobered down the rather rapid and boisterous tone of our young friend; a judicious admixture of "ballast" articles has been made, and the magazine now contains papers not exclusively amusing, but having a somewhat higher purpose. Of this nature are two in the present number—one by Mr. Hollinghead, called "Converting the Heathen," in which the question of missionary enterprise is practically, calmly, and clearly discussed; the other, entitled "The Priest and the People," a calm review of some sermons recently preached in *re* India, by the Rev. A. B. Evans, who takes the generally unpopular view of the question, but argues with much force and acumen. There is also a very clever sketch of an American watering-place; an essay on the proper functions of the police, by Mr. Archer; and some specially pretty Thackerayan verses, by Mr. Godfrey Turner, full of natural unaffected feeling expressed in easy flowing rhyme.

THE IRISH METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE is much improved. The sporting element, which at first unpleasantly predominated in its pages, has now been banished to special quarters of its own at the end of the work. Sixteen different articles exhibit a laudable amount of variety—fiction, travels, college life, verse, biography, and history, are included among the topics touched upon, and well and truly all are artistically handled. I must select some verses on "The Dreamer and the Worker," and on "Shelley," for special commendation. They are by a gentleman bearing the auspicious name of Hannay, and are unpretending, sensible, and rhythmical.

TAIT is—truth must be told—very dull. A review of Dr. Livingstone's book, voluminous in extract and commonplace in comment; three or four chip-in-porridge political and commercial articles; an equal number of anaesthetic tales, and a few bits of limping verse, do not constitute a lively literary meal. "Tait" appeals to no class of readers, and is not in any way original. Why, then, does it still exist?

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

PRINCESS'S.—JULIEN'S "BAL MASQUE."

The "Tempest" is stilled at the Princess's, "never again to be produced under this management," as the bills solemnly announced, and in its stead, for his attraction up to Christmas, Mr. Kean has produced his version of "Richard the Second." On Monday a crowded house assembled

to witness its revival, greeted all the effects with delight, and bestowed much applause on the manager. He really well deserved it; his performance was most artistic. Never before have I seen him so thoroughly grasp a character. Voice, action, play of countenance, all were good. The "Episode" went splendidly. It is the most complete revivification of bygone times that can be conceived. Defend me from Mr. John Cooper, who plays the Duke of York! You have heard old gentlemen talk in raptures of the "grand old Kemble school of oratory?" Go and listen to it, *per pro* John Cooper! He bellows, raves, rants, roars, gesticulates with slow wavings of the arms and undulating hand movements, renders himself perfectly ridiculous to the eyes of the few, and hammers a good deal of applause out of the many.

Julien's *bal masqué* was given at her Majesty's Theatre on Monday night. The house was beautifully decorated, so was Julien himself; the night was heavy and dull, so were the visitors; the champagne was bad and flat, so were the morals and the masquers.

MOLLE BORGHESE, a favourite singer of the Theatre Lyrique, is about to marry a trading captain of Bordeaux, who takes her out, as it were, as part of his venture. Wherever his vessel, *la Jolie Javotte*, touches, his wife will give a concert. The concert given, the merchandise disposed of, away sails the *Jolie Javotte* for other climes. There is something new under the sun at last.

THE BADDINGTON PEERAGE.

BEING THE LIVES OF THEIR LORDSHIPS.

A STORY OF THE BEST AND THE WORST SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

(Continued from Page 363.)

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

MR. TINTOP SPEAKS HIS MIND.

THE sound of a woman weeping is not ordinarily one of pleasure to many ears. "Beauty disarmed," "Beauty in tears," "Beauty in distress," these are refrains to the old nautical and sentimental ditties our grandmothers used to sing to the spinet and the harpsichord, in the unsophisticated days when it was not thought that good music was spelt by having good words set to it. Such words awakened enthusiasm, or at least sympathy. *Planco console*; but Mr. Tintop did not recognise *Planco* or *let console*, and sympathy and enthusiasm were drugs not to be found in his pharmacopoeia. To all the sobbings of Beauty in distress within—for he knew well enough whose voice it was he heard—he replied only by a shrug of the shoulders, a shrewd suppression, and then an interrogatory protrusion of the lips, and by waiting. Beauty, on the other side of the door, grew more tranquil anon; and then Mr. Tintop turned the handle of the lock, and went into the chamber.

The Frenchwoman, her maid (Cuppins was not *de service* that evening)—an ill-looking handmaiden enough, with two black lustrous bandeaux of hair on her temples, eyes that sparkled like jet beads, and a face so yellow and wrinkled as to present an unpleasant resemblance to the physiognomy of a toad that had been taking a nap in the centre of a block of marble for a century or two—came running towards Mr. Tintop as he entered, putting forth her meagre hand as though to stay him, and crying that "*Madame la Duchesse était en déshabille*." But the medical practitioner continued imperiously to advance; and the Duchess of Minniver, rising from her chair, bade him come in and her maid leave the room at one and the same time. The Frenchwoman (*Mademoiselle Amande*, I think, was her name, but as you will meet her no more in this history it does not much matter) shrugged her lean shoulders, paused to envelop her mistress in a loose peignoir of white China silk, and disappeared. Mr. Tintop very gravely walked up to the dressing-table; sat down in the carved and gilded fauteuil, on whose cushions the furred cheek of the Duchess of Minniver had rested a few moments before; and took as calm and equable a survey of the apartment and its occupant as though he had been a member of the Society of Antiquaries in an inherited cathedral crypt, or a detective policeman in a room where a murder or a burglary had just been committed, or a broker's man in a household where there was something worth seizing.

He nodded his head softly as he looked as though he approved highly of the internal arrangements of her Grace the Duchess of Minniver's dressing room. And in truth it was a goodly sight, making the fairy palace in Curzon Street quite mean and shabby by comparison. Silk and gilding, lace and velvet, rare woods, wax candles, crystal lustres, lace fringes and tassels. The dressing-table was an altar. The vast mirror was a marvel of silver and mother of pearl, and was held up by alabaster Cupids shrouded in Brusses lace. The *nécessaire de toilette* was a casket of treasures. There were jewelled nail-scissors, bodkin cases of malachite and gold, hair-brushes with backs of silver filigree. The stoppers of the perfume bottles glistened and sparkled in the candle light. The lip-salve was in the bosom of a little golden hawk, chased and enamelled, with emerald claws and ruby eyes. Strewn all about were the plumes, the gazes, the flounces, the braveries and fripperies which the beautiful woman was to wear that night. Flaming like fire were the superb jewels in their morocco cases. Blatant everywhere, on jewel case, and toilet linen, on the steppers of flasks, and the escabecons of toilet boxes, were the two dual coronets, one with strawberry leaves for England, one with spikes and fleurs-de-lis erased for France, and the two ciphers, M. and F., for Minniver and Pantruche.

The Duchess stood up, just opposite Tintop, looking at him. She had folded her arms over her beautiful shoulders, which rose and fell with the heaving of her bosom. Her little feet beat the devil's tattoo impatiently on the velvet-piled carpet. Her cheek was flushed, her eye flashed. She was a thousand times more beautiful than any of the jewelled gew-gaws, the luxurious toys in that room; but Tintop scarcely looked at her. At last the little silver hammer of an alabaster clock on the mantel began to set its bell a tingling; whereupon she spoke.

"What do you want here, bird of ill omen?" she asked with an assumption of cheerfulness, but her voice trembling oddly as she spoke. "Tiresome creature; you always come when I am dressing. If you were not my *médecin intime*, my husband would be jealous."

"Your husband?"

"The Duke of Minniver," she retorted, turning deadly pale, and then as violently red. "What do you want, tyrant, persecutor? Money? What do you do with it all, with your one-horse brougham, your doggy furniture, and your white neckcloth? You must be as rich as a Jew, or else you must spend it upon opera dancers. Tell me, Seth—now there's a dear—what you want to-night? It's getting late, and I must be dressed and down stairs by eleven. I haven't been home half an hour from the Palace."

She had been dining with her Sovereign, where she had fed off gold, had only spoken when she was spoken to, and had come away rather hungrier than she went. Eating at dinner was not then considered fashionable at Court. The Duke, as Hereditary Grand Cornucutter, had been spoken to twice by H.R.H. the Prince Consort; during the rest of the repast the Duke of Minniver crumbled his bread and looked at himself in his golden spoon. One of the maids of honour had giggled during the *entrées*, and told her neighbour—an Archbishop—that the Duke of Minniver used too much pomatum to make his hair look brown. The Archbishop

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—our old friend "Jumping Jimmy"—suggested hair-dye, and chuckled, whereupon Royalty had frowned sternly on the pair; in consequence of which I presume the maid of honour was sent to the Tower that very night, after having been summarily whipped by the Court duenna or mistress of the robes, and the Archbishop relegated to his see, there to be converted into Greek lambics till he showed signs of repentance. I know the discipline at Court is very strict. There between a Royal Duke present at the dinner, who remarked to the Great Captain of the Age (who was dining on a French roll), that the *colant de la piansière* was "very good, very good, very good," three times. There was a prodigious old guy of a German princess, done up in crimson satin, who gobbled over her food, and expectorated freely in Mecklinniser; and this, I declare, an accurate description of the dinner at Buckingham Palace, from which Geneviève, Duchess of Minniver, had just come. I am not drawing from imagination. I had the picture from a Royal footman, who turned author, and died.

She had driven straight away from the royal table (being excused in consequence of her entertainment), but was too proud and beautiful to wear her dinner-dress.

"What do you want?" she asked again, impatiently, almost harshly, for Mr. Tinotop had never answered a word yet.

He rose, and leaned his back against the glittering dressing-table. He took up one of the morocco dressing-cases, and with his forefinger—it was an ugly forefinger, with a nail which, mown, pared, scraped as it was, looked like a claw—struck the coronets and the initials stamped in gold upon the leather. Struck them violently—struck them scornfully.

"Do you see this, you jade?" he said, at last.

"Yes," she answered, trembling.

"You a duchess—you the widow of a viscount—you the heiress of all the Baddington estates—you the leader of rank and fashion—you the Queen of Beauty! I'll queen of beauty you, you gipsy!"

"What have I done?" she faltered.

"Done! what haven't you done? Aren't you mine, body and soul? Aren't you my goods and chattels, my property, my household stuff? Did I pick you up out of the mud, out of the gutter, when you were dancing in frilled trousers and spangles, with a monkey and a Savoyard, in the streets of Genoa?"

She stared at him in dumb horror, but pointed to the door.

"Nobody's listening, and if they are, I do not care," Mr. Tinotop went on. He was not, it must be admitted, for all the violence of his language, speaking beyond his usually calm, equable tone of voice. "I'm going to speak my mind to you, my lady, and you shall hear it."

"You are speaking it strangely, Sir Tinotop."

"Exactly as I intend to do, Mrs. Tinotop. You were Lady Baddington, were you? You let me buy your dainty body from the Italian showman, who had bought you from the English mountebank, who had picked you up at an English fair, strutting a tambourine in front of a booth, and belonging to a gang of gipsies. You let me receive your fine ladyship from your playfellows—the monkey and the organ-grinder, and the cudgel of Giovanni your master. You let me put you to school; half ruin myself to cram accomplishments into that clever, impish head of yours. You let me, before the English Consul at Turin, make you my wife."

"For God's sake stop, you madman," the woman cried out, springing across the room, and placing her hand on her self-styled husband's mouth. "Do you want us all to be ruined?"

"I want some one to be ruined, and I won't stop," rejoined the implacable Mr. Tinotop, disengaging his mouth, with a gesture which looked very much as though he wished to bite the hand before him. "Didn't I marry you, Polly Drangletail, which is about all the name you have: my Lady Geneviève, Duchess of Minniver, and all the rest of it, as you call yourself?"

She looked at him with inexpressible loathing, hatred, contempt; but she did not spring upon him to rend him; she did not strike him with her strong white arm; she did not even spit upon him. She was cowed and beaten, and pressed her fingers on her throat as though she was choking; then replied—

"You did!" very slowly and subdued.

"And," Mr. Tinotop continued, speaking more rapidly, but not rising a quarter of an inch in his vocalisation, "didn't you run away from me a month after marriage, when I had been fool enough to fall in love with you, and to spend in dresses and trinkets for your worthless body nearly all I had left of the money I had got from old Lord Baddington? Didn't you go vagabonding about the country with swindlers, and horse-jockeys, and cardsharps, and half-penny captains, and German barons, and Italian counts, growing more beautiful, and more wicked, and more cunning every day, till you hooked the superannuated old fool Baddington, and decoyed him into marrying you? Marry, eod! a nice wedded wife you were."

He had not libelled her—Tinotop. This, then, had been her career. It was hard to think of her, with her white neck and golden hair—so beautiful, so pure, so virginal—all widow as she was; it was very hard to think of her, depraved, corrupted, abandoned—a vicious, hardened wanton. Could a soul so blackened dwell in so fair a frame?

"When you went away—ran away—Polly, Jenny, Geneviève, and so on—ran away and left me almost beggared and three-parts distracted at losing you—I swore that sooner or later I would be revenged upon you. I'm a quiet man, my dear, as you know full well. I'm not much given to romantic ideas, or that sort of nonsense; but if I don't bark I bite sometimes rather sharply; and I think, when I swear to be revenged on anybody, I can take a leaf out of the book of those old Borgias, and the people who used to give the Aqua Tofana, and that sort of stuff."

"What do you want?" she murmured, more mechanically, it seemed, God help her, than with any distinct apprehension of the meaning of her words.

"You'll pretty soon know what I want," he answered coldly, "and I won't take many words to tell you in; for you must finish dressing, my poppet, and receive your grand company. It isn't money, however, I want; I've got lots of my own. I could get lots more from you. I could draw thousands from the red-headed dolt who thinks himself your husband—draw them from him by crooking my little finger. He would do anything I ask him, the Duke, for the honour of the house of Minniver-Fan-freluche, Polly, my dear. I want to drag the coronet and the strawberry leaves all down into the mud, and the Duke and the Duchess with them. Ah!"

He spoke out loud for the first time. He said "Aha!" almost in a shriek. He was elated, triumphant; but she flushed no more, and looked at him with eyes of fire, daring him.

"Do your worst. How can you prove it? No one will believe your story. The Consul went mad and died. I don't believe it was a marriage at all. I had the certificate. You left it with me, and I burnt it."

She fired off these dislocated members of a phrase, and then began to pant. She was exhausted; she was tired.

"A fig for the Consul; a fig for anybody believing me or my story. I'll prove it fast enough when the time comes. I've another story to prove first. I have to prove the existence—and to prove it I've certificates that you haven't burnt, my lady—of the rightful heir to that Baddington peerage which you and many other fools thought extinct. I have that to prove that the young lordling who was killed in Paris was a bastard, and that the eldest son of Gervase Falcon, and the rightful heir to the peerage, is alive."

"Who is he; where is he?" she whispered hoarsely.

"Who is he? Where is he? I'll find him safe enough. Wire by wire, and link by link, I've got this chain of evidence together. I tell you I have found him. I tell you that I'll spend thousands to establish his claim before the House of Lords, to rout you out of the possession of his estates. Then when I have made him a lord, and brought his half sisters to shame, I'll turn to you again my lady, and pull your pride down. You a duchess—a viscount's widow! I'll prove to all the world that you're no better than the commonest wench that walks the streets. I will, by—!"

Why had she not a pistol now to shoot him as he spoke? She used to have pistols. Why had she not some subtle poison in her toilet case that she might cast over him, and burn his wicked tongue out? But she could do nothing but clasp her throat again, and in stifled accents ejaculate—"Mercy—mercy!"

"Mercy! I'll see you hanged—I'll see you burned in brimstone—first! I've given you plenty of law, Mrs. Polly; but now I mean to have my innings. There's only one more thing I have to tell you. Wouldn't you like to know what the new Lord Baddington is? I'll tell you. I'm sure you would be glad to hear it. He's an old friend of yours. He's the poor devil of a partner whom you took up in one of your high and mighty caprices, and then cast away like a broken fan. He's the miserable half-starved wretch with the sick wife and child, whom you had turned out of your house by your servants. He's Philip Leslie."

She might have been Lazarus, standing up in his grave in his cerecloth, she looked so ghastly, before the glittering toilet table standing in her *chambre à coucher*. She did not scream; she could not scream; but with a low moan fell on the floor and fainted. When her maid, hearing the fall, rushed in from the adjoining bed-room, and raised her mistress, she found that Mr. Tinotop had taken his departure. She thought it odd, as she applied the usual restoratives. It was *rien qu'un attaque de nerfs*, Mademoiselle Aménide told her Grace when she recovered.

Mr. Tinotop walked very softly down the grand staircase, paying especial attention to the exotic plants which lined them, and apparently thinking them very pretty. He remarked to the hall porter who opened the door for him, that it was a beautiful night, but rather warm.

The Duchess of Minniver's closing ball was the greatest triumph that London season had witnessed. The "Morning Post" had three columns of report next day; and his Grace the Duke had serious thoughts in his red head of asking the Prime Minister whether he could not make Mr. Penguin something under Government. The unconscious Penguin (who, to his honour be it spoken, would have indignantly refused the Government appointment had it been offered to him) was, by the time his Grace had begun to speak about him, scouring the London and North-Western Railway on a special engine, in quest of the earliest information relative to an old woman of seventy-five, who had murdered her granddaughter with a reaping-hook.

Her Grace the Duchess was charming. Never had she been seen so beautiful, so full of spirits, of wit, and repartee. Everybody was enchanted, and dancing was kept up till five o'clock in the morning. Then Geneviève Duchess of Minniver went to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep. To Think.

"It must be done," she murmured, for the twentieth time, tossing her burning head on her pillow. "Pollyblank! Pollyblank! yes, that was the wretch's name!"

His Grace the Duke had his own apartments in a separate part of the house. I wonder, had he heard his wife murmur that strange name, if any thoughts would have come across his mind akin to those that troubled Parisina's lord?

(To be continued.)

FISHERS OF MEN:

OR RECRUITING FOR HER MAJESTY'S FORCES IN LONDON.

THESE have been travels and travellers. Old Herodotus, whom all men recognise as the father of history, but whom, for his highly-coloured descriptions, some irreverent spirits stigmatise as a kinsman of the Father of Lies, saw crocodiles led with Bath buns on the banks of the Nile; and made us acquainted with those Egyptian magicians who yet carry on their occult trade in the parlours of Old Cairo, and show to unsophisticated English E.G.s the late Admiral Nelson, and their great-grandmothers, if need be, ink-mirrored in the palms of their hands. Marco Polo discoursed of colossal Buddhist pagodas; and Sir John Mandeville visited almost every country save that of Prester John; and was not even behindhand in describing the countries which he had not seen, resorting in such cases to the simple expedient of declaring, "Thysse is a village full of devyles," an assertion which defied denial, and (in good old Catholic times) averted further curiosity. Then Hakluyt voyaged, and Malte Brun travelled, and Peter Wilkins saw the flying Indians, and Berkely brought back strange accounts of the "still-wetted Bermoothes." In our own day, who has not travelled? If the Travellers' Club were to act up to their statute regulating the number of miles from a given point to be travelled by every candidate for election, how many thousands would be eligible for membership of that exclusive little *club*, who have no more chance now of getting into the "Travellers" than of getting into the Peerage? Layard bringing home bulls from Assyria; Livingstone pioneering towards the Mountains of the Moon; Waterton riding crocodiles; Lord Dufferin flirting with Icelandic maidens—"unprotected females in Norway" scaring away the wolves by wearing unmentionables *à la Zouave*, and bestriding horses *en cavalier*; Mr. Ethen Kinlake bathing in the Dead Sea, and debating the feasibility of shooting Nazarenes; Titmarsh moralising in the Valley of Jehoshaphat; Albert Smith tracing the marks of the wet ring of the pot of Palernum of some Roman Ledbury or Jack Johnson in a Pompeian wineshop; William Russell travelling the vast steppes of Russia in a telega; Soyer criticising the cookery in the Imperial kitchen at Stamboul—who among the notabilities of the day has not added his leaf to the enormous record of those who have gone to and fro in the earth, and walked up and down in it? Even the present writer, in his brief time, has seen men and cities; though, alas! unlike Ulysses, little has he profited thereby. Never gave he Polyphemus "one in the eye;" stop his ears with boiling sealing-wax, still listens he to the songs of the Syrens; and even now abides he in the enchanted island of Calypso, totally unmindful of the interests of his son Telemachus, and of the fact that Calypso does not care a fig for him, and will be anything but inconsolable at his departure.

There have been travels and travellers, from Jerusalem to Madagascar, from Indus to the Pole—yet who has travelled in London? S'ow, Penant, Mailand, Pepps, Malcolm, Timbs, Peter Cunningham, the Mayhews (Henry of the "Great World," Augustus of "Paved with Gold"), Dickens (when he was Boz—he travels in a nightmare London now), "Great Metropolis" Grant? Bah! These have but scratched the surface of the great arable land of London. I never travelled in London, though I am a cockney born, and have twenty-five years accurate remembrance of the modern Nineveh—that great city where there are thrice fifty thousand people who know not their right hands from their left. I candidly confess that I never was in Bethnal Green in my life, that I have a very indistinct notion of the latitude of Hackney, that I don't know where Blugate Fields are situated; that I should be puzzled to find out the Rotherhithe entrance to the Thames Tunnel; and that till last Sunday three weeks, I knew no more the locality of Kensington Square, than does the babe that is unborn.

I mean to travel in London, however, if Providence will grant me health, and men will give me bread and meat enough. I am determined to find the *mot* of this enigmas, construe this metropolitan Abacadabra, to read this Rosetta inscription. If I have time enough, I will, ere I die, have keys of all the streets, read all the sermons in the stones, and learn all the secrets of the gas.

In furtherance of this resolve I went not many days since, accompanied by the vivacious artist whose designs adorn the following pages, to Charles St., Westminster, in order to examine into the manner and means of obtaining recruits for her Majesty's service. Although the present martial crisis was an incentive, it was not the primary motive of our visit; for we had long since determined to inquire into these things, and to mark how the recruiting-sergeant fishes for his men. We did not make any "lazy tour," or call ourselves "idle apprentices," or "sentimental travellers," when we were simply men actuated by a profound respect for the *res augusta domi*, and the necessity for keeping the pot boiling. So we took our note-books and sketch-books, and visited the place by day and by night, and did with pen and pencil the best we could with them.

The recruiting element began first to be noticeably manifest in front of the Horse Guards, where, among the Amaliskith life guardsmen, who for ever stalk about the courtyard serenely splendid and supremely stolid, as though conscious that they were only obtainable in a coupé of northern counties, and that wars and rumours of wars, standards of height, and bounties on enlistment, were nothing to them, seeing that they were too expensive and too unwieldy to be sent out of the country, save when the foe were at the very gates of Britain; among these scarlet and bright-cuirassed sons of Anak, there lounged about the fishers of men—sergeants galore, smart "light bobs" trim linesmen, dusky riflemen, swaggering

Scots greys, dragoon guards and carabineers, chattering hussars, dashing lancers, dandified light dragoons, and slim-waisted horse-artillerymen. Bravely fluted the ribbons from shakoes and helmets and "busbies," rung every sabre, clinked each pair of spurs, shone each sabretache, glistened each button, curled each moustache, swung each aiguillette, sailed each plume. But they kept watchful eyes about them, for all their brave array—none so watchful, perhaps, as those of the demure, wary recruiting sergeant of the East India Company's artillery, who, with his jaundiced, lantern face, his gray hair, his cunning look, his pinched form, suggestive of a charred liver and a desiccated pancreas, almost justified the impudent epithets applied by that pictorial miscreant Nena Sahib to the English, of a "yellow-faced and narrow-minded people." So watchful an eye kept each sergeant on every passer-by who did not appear to have any special destination or anything more to do than lounge about, that as we stood observing them, we caught the piscatorial optics fixed half-searchingly, half-inquiringly on us several times, till, not caring to be listed as riflemen or hussars before we had accomplished the objects of our mission, we fled the dangerous place, and pursued our way towards Charles Street.

Not, however, before we had noticed and read several placards and handbills; some prodigious *pancartes* pasted on the jambs of the equestrian sandry-boxes; others florid announcements, headed by coloured lithographs of brilliant cavaliers, neatly framed and glazed, and fitted by haps and padlocks to the wall; others single slips of paper, like those emanating from advertising tradesmen who execute country orders with promptitude and despatch, and denounce the untradesmanlike artifice of saying it's the same concern; but all setting forth the scarcity of "fine young men;" the immense advantages derivable by those said "fine young men" by enlisting in crack regiments of the cavalry or the line; the unparalleled liberality of her Majesty in allowing each recruit a generous bounty and a free kit; the unprecedented opportunities for promotion from the ranks to commissions; and the Sardanapalian grants made by the Queen to each newly-made ensign or cornet or outfit, and the liberal prices paid to "bringers." And every placard and handbill ended with a loyal shout of "God save the Queen;" and Sergeant-Major Somebody was always to be heard of at the bar of the Hampshire Hog or the King's Head, Charles Street, Westminster. So we could not do better, I think, than continue our course in search of Sergeant-Major Somebody. There was another placard, too, I read—a famous placard by this time, for the number of egregious lies it contains—which treated of the immense privileges enjoyed by private soldiers in India; of the summer clothing served out to them, of the palanquins in waiting to carry them if they became tired on the march; the hot coffee that was kept for their refreshment at every station, and the native servants that were to attend on them.

To Charles Street, by way of King Street, Westminster, which last has taken the recruiting epidemic readily, and is in a vast flutter and flurry, and raising men in the Queen's name as soon as ever they can be made drunk in somebody else's. Recruiting-sergeants, warier than ever, pass and repass, lurk round little corners, peep out of sly windows, pop out of "jug and bottle entrances," slice out of bar parlours, and are generally to use a familiar expression, "down on you" to an alarming extent. Not very down on us personally; for if ever a man carried "non combatant" written on his face, yours truly flutters himself that he does; and Mr. McConnell's portfolio, which that restless young man persisted in carrying under his arm, gave him a somewhat legal appearance, perhaps alarming to the men of war, and decidedly disconcerting to myself, who could not avoid an uneasy apprehension of being taken for a tax-collector. But on every sunburnt, sandy-haired clodhopper, in battered felt "wide-awake," travel-stained smock-frock, stick and bundle on shoulder, and lace-up highlows; on every hulking fustian man, who might either have been a costermonger who had squandered his stock-money, or one of those anomalous individuals who call themselves "light porters," and who are frequently light fingered as well, or a simple "rough" with nothing to do and nothing to eat, and just hovering between the barracks and the hulks, and wearing scarlet or hotten gray; on every stalwart wayfarer of the navy type; on every errant, oft-times haggard, dishevelled and desponding pedestrian, who, notwithstanding his shoes cut at the toes and innocent of blacking, his torn clothes, cloudy linen, unwashed and unshaven visage, and battered, napless hat, offers unmistakable signs of having seen better days; on each and every one of such as these the recruiting Syren is "down" in the twinkling, not of a bed-post—the term's dimensions are too large—but of the pillar of a child's cot. The fisher of men hangs not back for a letter of introduction, or even for personal presentation, to a stranger whom he may consider as a desirable fish for his net. He sides up to the traveller; he bestows a masonic wink upon him; he grins a friendly grin of simulated recognition. "Hard times, these?" "Haven't I seen you before?" "What'll you take to drink, comrade?" and "How would you like to be a rifleman?" or, "You're just cut out for a lancer!" these are the formulas of his opening conversation. It is wonderful how friendly he becomes after the first pint of beer, and how ready he is to call for the second.

The principal productions of the Westminsterian Charles Street, are oysters, coals, potatoes, "general wares" (by which I mean red-herrings, yellow soap, blacklead, whitening, brown sugar, tallow candles, fire-wood, tea, coffee, Dutch cheese, scrubbing brushes, brandy balls, and penny canes;) tobacco, ragged children, cheap publications, exciseable liquors, dirt and glory. I am reluctant to introduce my reader to public-house taps and bar-parlours; but, really, Glory is so intimately connected with beer in Charles Street, Westminster, that we must rather look in at the Glory's Arms (by which I may spiritualise the perhaps too prosaic hostleries of the Hampshire Hog family), or nowhere at all.

The whole place is in an access of the scarlet fever. Not a drum is heard nor the note of a fife, nor the clang of a musket; but from end to end the street is dedicated to Mars, the God of War. The public-houses are so full of soldiers that they look like the lobster shops in the Haymarket run to seed. The cheap publications are "British Army Despatches," "Army and Navy Despatches," and "Calendars of famous Victories." Street ballad-singers bawl forth roaring ditties about "Suey Belladonnas" and "British Grenadiers." The immoral mendicant with the ragged soldier's coat and the crutch, and very little else on besides, peeps down Charles Street timidly, but flees the dangerous place, as though certain that his imposture would be discovered there, and himself, perhaps, subjected to the provost-marshalship of some military Lynch. It is by no means a place in which a Quaker might set up a druggist shop, or Messrs. Bright and Cobden take furnished apartments. The "Morning Star" newspaper does not sell in Charles Street, nor the "Band of Hope Review," nor Elihu Burritt's "Olive Branches." You had better not talk about mercy to the serops, in Charles Street. My opinion is that the Carolinators wouldn't stand it. They sell parti-coloured ribbons in the general shops; the whole adult female population may be reckoned as "girls left behind" when a recruiting party goes away; I have no doubt that an immense traffic is done weekly in pipe-clay; and as for bad language—that other inseparable attendant, as it would seem, upon Glory—I am persuaded that all the oaths emitted in the course of a whole campaign by that army who, according to my uncle Toby, swore so terribly in Flanders, would not furnish a title of the expletives which form the basis of conversation, both in-door and out-door, of Charles Street, Westminster.

Into an "infantry house" (a tavern where none but foot soldiers are enlisted), and upstairs, traversing a crowded and somewhat unsavoury bar, into a big room where the sergeants are fishing for men with Seine-nets, celspears, lines and floats, sticks and strings, salmon hooks, paternosters and barbels, and with bait as various, from "greaves" to titletails. Oh! the lies that are told in this room! The flimsy sophistries, the shallow deceptions, the transparent humbugs, that are made use of to entrap and cajole the ignorant, the destitute, and the desperate; the oceans of beer that flow for the humbugation of those scarlet untruths! Everything is painted *couleur de rose*, or rather *couleur de homard*, by the recruiters. Promotion, pay, prize-money, pretty girls, snug quarters, medals, rum, abundant rations, names mentioned in despatches; all these run glibly from their practised tongues. Not a word about the interminable drill, and the abominable riding school, the reeking barrack-room, the comfortless canteen, the noisome trench, the hold of the transport ship, the guard-room, the black hole, the triangles, and the cat; the hopeless slavery and servitude to which the British musketeer sells himself—toiling, and broiling, and fighting, or working harder than the most skilled mechanic, and worse paid

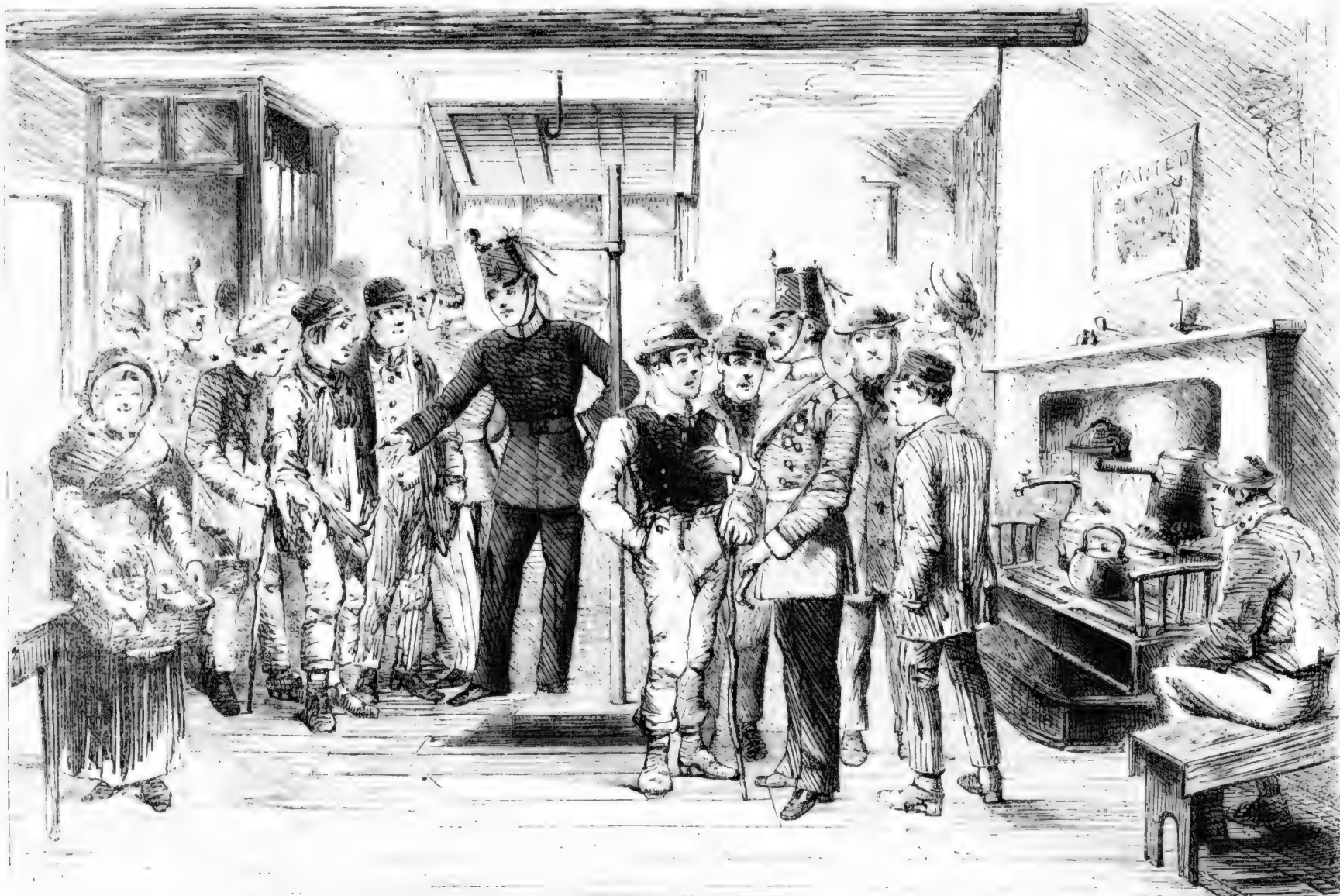


RECRUITING: THE CAVALRY STANDARD.

than the lowest day labourer—ever striving, never rising, and shouldering that hopeless Brown Bess, for thirteen pence a day. Looking upon these curlet and laced cozeners, the sergeants, I think upon the stories I have read, of the manner in which wild elephants are caught and tamed to be patient and docile in India; and how these tamed monsters in their turn

are trained to assist in catching more wild elephants, and drill them into being patient and docile too. And then, looking at her Majesty's head on the shilling (the attendant damsel, by the way, is waiting for it in payment for some beer), I fall a-thinking and apostrophising the Queen, and cry out (mentally), "Oh, Victoria! Victoria! can't you get men to fight for

you, without your sergeants and led captains cheating and lying to them, without it being considered a *sine qua non* that every soldier should enter the British service with a sense of wrong, and of having been kidnapped and chicaned? Can't you so arrange as to make it worth your while to fight for you? To pay them better, feed them better, tend them



RECRUITING: THE INFANTRY STANDARD.



RECRUITING WAITING TO PASS THE MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

better—;” but the damsel grows impatient at my silent apostrophe, and I give her the shilling with a sigh.

I must say that in this infatuated house, as well as in the other enlisting taverns, which by day and night were visited by the present writer, the very great majority of candidates for her Majesty’s shilling and her Majesty’s scarlet, were of the exact cut of those portrayed by him who was not for an age, but for all time, in his description of that immortally ragged regiment which Sir John Falstaff refused to walk through Coventry with. I think, too, that if Mr. George Cruikshank had taken his models from here, that grand etching of his in his biography of the Fat Knight would have benefited appreciably thereby. I should not like to bring many foreigners to Charles Street; for they would, I am afraid, form but an indifferent idea of the raw material of the British army. Looking at the poor, deboshed, ragged, impoverished starvelings, drinking the recruiting-sergeant’s beer, and listening to his apocryphal promises, I seemed to look back into the dim past, and behold that mob of martial tatterdemalions whom Shakspeare drew, what time Falstaff “misused the King’s press” so “damnablely:” the younger sons of younger brothers, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, the ostlers tradefallen, and discarded unjust serving-men. Here were the rogues who “marched wide between the legs as though they had gyves on.” Here was the discarded, unjust serving-man himself in the person of a dilapidated knave in a shabby footman’s livery, all tarnished, stained, and out at elbows. He might have been the hero of that plaintive Catnachian ballad commencing—

John Thomas was a footman in a genteel family;
He courted Peggy Perkins, who was amazing sly.

With his widdle foddle, twiddle twiddle, fol-lol de ray.

And ending with the lamentable consummation of he, John Thomas, being “sued for forty pound,” whereupon—

As he had never forty pence, this forty pound to pay,

He cut into the countery some forty mile away.

With his widdle foddle, twiddle twiddle, fol-lol de ray.

Here was John Thomas, then, once the cynosure of housemaids’ eyes—once honoured, perchance, by countesses with commands to bring up coal-scuttles—

By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate.

The plain truth is, that John Thomas has lost his character; that he has come to grief, and to the complexion of Charles Street, Westminster. As it happens, however, her Majesty’s sergeants of the line would have none of John Thomas



HIS HIGHNESS, TOUSSOUM PACHA, ONLY CHILD OF THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.)

on this particular occasion. Either he was not sturdy enough, or he was too slim for the infantry; for I found him that self same evening, still in his besmirched livery, but fluttering in ribbons, like my Lord on May Day, in the parlour of the “cavalry house” adjacent, where he had become a full private in the Eniskillen Dragoons, and was drinking out his bounty in beer, bravely.

My coadjutor has depicted the social phases of the cavalry fishing house, in a manner which leaves me little room for description. From his graphic tableau, however, may you learn that the recruiting-sergeants, after sunset, are not insensible to the charms of the “*dulce desipere in loco*,” and that even, as in the regiment of “Royal Auvergne,” “*l’on dansait trois fois par semaine*,” so in Charles Street, Westminster, dancing takes place every night—till the recruit be removed to the regimental dépôt, when he has to dance to a very different sort of tune. C. A. S.

TOUSSOUM PACHA, SON OF THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

THIS little Prince, whom we introduce to our readers as he appeared at his recent introduction to the Queen, is the only child of Said Pacha, the Viceroy of Egypt. Said Pacha himself, it will be remembered, paid a visit to England some time ago, when he was the guest of Sir Moses Montefiore; and since he afterwards sent his only son on the same journey, we may conclude that his Highness’s impression of this country is not unfavourable. But, as everybody knows, there has long been a disposition on the part of the rulers of Egypt to enlighten and enrich that country by a wise inoculation of the European spirit. In the reign of Mehemet Ali, the grandfather of the young Prince Toussoum Pacha, the old Egyptian darkness began to give way before the light from the western world. The present Viceroy has steadily advanced his father’s projects; and it is to be hoped that the little Prince his son, who, in the ordinary course of things, will some day take the reins of government, will still further urge on the march of civilisation. Toussoum Pacha, though not yet four years of age, is as familiar with English as with Turkish, and is already fired with the commercial moral of our own “Whittington and his Cat.”

In the portrait of the little prince which we have engraved in the present number, he is attended by his physician, nurse, and a man-servant. He is attired in the uniform of a general of division in the Turkish army, which rank was conferred on him (Toussoum Pacha Ferik), by the Sultan about eighteen months ago; and about six months ago the Sultan sent him the decoration, conferring on him the order of the Medjidie.

COMMERCIAL AFFAIRS.

THE imports of gold are still largely in excess of the exports, and the favourable change in the tone of the money market which we had last week to report, continues. Several rather heavy failures are announced, it is true; but on the whole, commercial affairs are decidedly convalescent.

The Bank appears to have retrieved its position almost, if not entirely. The amount of notes in circulation, beyond the limit fixed by the Bank Charter Act, is very small. Indeed, several times within the last week, it was said the note circulation was within the bounds defined by the act; meanwhile, however, the Bank has a reserve of notes against the £2,000,000 issued on "securities," and this reserve the banking department can use at its pleasure.

The last monetary disaster, of great importance, is the failure of the Northumberland and Durham district bank, the chief office of which is at Newcastle. It has eight branches in the neighbouring districts; its paid-up capital is £652,891; its reserve-fund has been represented as £90,872; the liabilities are said to be £3,000,000; the shareholders are 408; and the company has existed for twenty-one years. As to the cause of the stoppage, it is the old story—enormous advances have been made on securities not readily realisable, such as collieries and iron-works. Fortunately, the bank has not recently been one of issue, having used Bank of England notes. The Bank of England has a branch at Newcastle.

Great consternation was caused at Newcastle and the other towns, as a stoppage of trade and work was feared; but the branch of the Bank of England relieved some of the fears by consenting to provide several large employers with ready money to pay wages; and shareholders of the closed bank immediately commenced a movement to open private banks at Newcastle and Durham. The Northumberland Bank had been in difficulties in 1847; its present losses are thought to be upwards of a million.

The great American house of Peabody and Co. was saved from its difficulties by the Bank of England, which is said to have advanced £800,000, to be available within three months. The repayment of the loan is guaranteed by three joint-stock banks and some commercial firms, who hold securities considered ample to secure them from any loss.

During November the range of Consols was extensive, but not more so than in October: the difference between the highest and lowest prices in the latter month having been 4 per cent., while in November it was 3½.

The Edinburgh banks have made arrangements facilitating the re-establishment of the Western Bank of Scotland.

A numerous meeting of the shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank, on Tuesday, unanimously agreed that the bank be registered in terms of the Joint Stock Bank Companies Act, 1857, it being explained that the design was not to wind up but to secure the same vantage ground as the chartered banks. The meeting also agreed unanimously that a committee of gentlemen unconnected with the bank be appointed to investigate its affairs and report to an adjourned meeting on Tuesday next, and that a guarantee fund of half a million be raised to enable the bank to resume business without delay.

MONETARY CRISIS AT HAMBURG.

Hamburg is now passing through a severe monetary crisis. Failures are every day occurring—many for very heavy sums. No bills are discounted; merchandise and scrip are without any fixed quotation; in fact, a panic prevails. At an extraordinary meeting of the Civic Council, it was unanimously agreed to accept a proposition of the Senate, to create Exchequer Bills to the amount of fifteen million marks banco, to be lent on the security of imperishable merchandise, state bonds, or railway shares.

THE HEIGHT OF ASSURANCE.—At a meeting of the Glasgow Chamber of Commerce last week, one of the members rose, and complained in strong terms of the want of bank accommodation in Glasgow. This gentleman had been allowed to overdraw his account in the Western Bank by £60,000. Some of the members, as a mark of disapprobation, rose and walked out of the room.

THE INDIAN RELIEF FUND.

A letter from the Governor-General of India, in reply to a communication from the Lord Mayor, referring to the application of the Indian Relief Fund, has been published. Viscount Canning incidentally states that the spirit of violence and bloodshed, though gradually yielding to our arms, is not yet subdued, and he remarks that it would, under such circumstances, be impossible to say how large the field is over which it would be necessary to distribute the relief fund. The committee which came together in Calcutta to raise money for the same purpose had obtained a sum which represents £25,458 sterling. Lord Canning further states that the objects to which the expenditure of the sub-committee are at present directed are the following:—Board and lodging on arrival in Calcutta for refugees who are without homes or friends to receive them; clothing for refugees; monthly allowance for the support of families who are not boarded and lodged by the sub-committee; loans to sufferers to provide furniture, clothing, &c.; free grants to sufferers for the same purpose; passage and diet money on board river steamers to all who have not been provided with the same by the Government; loans to officers and others to pay for the passage of their families to England; free passage to England for the widows and families of officers and other sufferers, including travelling expenses to Bombay and Calcutta; education of the children of sufferers.

THE DIVORCE ACT.—The address to her Majesty, praying that she would withhold the order in council for colling into operation the Divorce Act, until Parliament has had time to reconsider some of the clauses, was deposited in the hands of Sir George Grey, on Saturday last, by the Earl Nelson and the Rev. Dr. Irons, for presentation to her Majesty. The address, though only in circulation for a fortnight, received between eight and nine thousand signatures, nearly three thousand of which are written by clergymen, and five hundred by churchwardens and justices of the peace. In answer to several applications for advice on this subject, by clergymen of his diocese, the Bishop of Exeter has published a letter in which he says, that no marriage between adulterous persons will be performed by licence in that diocese during his episcopate, i.e., he will refuse a licence in every such case. With respect to that clause in the Act which provides that the marriage of persons divorced on the ground of adultery, may be performed by "any minister entitled to officiate within the diocese," the Bishop says—"I know not, and should be very sorry to know, any single incumbent or curate of my diocese whom I could lightly suspect of being either so unmindful of what he owes to his brethren, or so heedless of his own character, as voluntarily to incur the odium which would most justly attach to a clergyman intruding into the church of another for the purpose of performing a service which the proper minister deems unfit to be performed in it."

JEWISH DISABILITIES.—The "Daily News" says:—"No time will be lost in again bringing the question of the admission of the Jews into Parliament under the consideration of the Legislature." Lord John Russell having undertaken, with the entire concurrence of Lord Palmerston, at once to lay a bill for the removal of this last relic of religious intolerance on the table of the House of Commons."

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS EXAMINATIONS.—The council of this society have published the arrangements for examinations which they propose to substitute for those hitherto in force. The society abandons oral examinations, and will set papers in London to be worked out by the candidate on the spot. There are to be two examinations—a previous one, to be carried out entirely by local boards; and a final one, by means of papers sent from London, which the local boards are to see worked. Judgment will afterwards be passed by the society's board of examiners, and the awards, prizes, and certificates will be communicated to the parties concerned. The prizes and first-class certificates will be awarded at some local centre of importance. The council will afford some aid to the travelling expenses of the candidates who may desire to come up and receive their certificates. With the view of assisting to bring the proposed titles of "Associate in Arts of Oxford" and "Associate in Arts of Cambridge" within the reach of the members of institutes in union with this society, the council will grant to each youth, not less than sixteen or more than eighteen years of age, who shall obtain, in 1858, three of the society's certificates of the first class in the subjects contained in the Oxford and Cambridge programmes, the sum of £5 towards his expenses, if he attends at the University and undergoes the examination there.

THE DUKES OF BORDEAUX lately gave some grand hunting parties at Frohslorff. Among those who were invited were M. de Rudberg, Russian Minister at Vienna, and M. de Pretulla, Neapolitan Minister in the same city.

THE LATE EXPLOSION AT MAYENCE, says the "Nord," was caused by a workman named Wimmer, who procured the keys of the powder-magazine from the person at whose house they were lodged, and fired it from motives of revenge. His body was afterwards found in the Rhine, and it was supposed that remorse had led him to commit suicide.

THE OPERA BUFFA AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

THE director of the Italian company at the St. James's Theatre seems bent on producing a new opera every week, and we cannot but applaud his resolution, though we are afraid he will exhaust his *répertoire* before we should like to see his season at an end. Most of our contemporaries find that the works produced at this pleasant place of entertainment are "trivial," forgetting how very much better it is to be trivial and agreeable than to be pretentious and dull. England produces less music than any other respectable country in Europe, and yet English critics are more severe than those of any other nation. Neither Ricci, nor the brothers Ricci, are good enough for them; in fact, nothing is *quite* good enough for them except Mozart and Beethoven. If a similar spirit to that manifested in musical criticism were exhibited in the appreciation of pictorial art, Watteau, and almost all the painters of the eighteenth century, would be spurned; while in literature an analogous treatment of books would result in the condemnation of about half of our best-written works. One of our contemporaries, in speaking of the composer whose productions form the chief support of the opera buffa at the St. James's begins by condemning Ricci's music generally as frivolous, and ends by making an exception in favour of his concerted pieces—as if any but the most skillful composers could write concerted pieces with success.

In the meanwhile we, for our part, gladly accept the music with which Ricci and the brothers Ricci have supplied us. "Crispino," besides being a very brilliant, sparkling production, is interesting as a specimen of the latest music (with the exception of Verdi's) that has been popular in Italy. "Il Birraio di Preston" is welcome as one of the best known of the numerous operas written by Luigi Ricci alone, and "Scaramuccia," which, we trust, will be brought out next week, will be particularly acceptable as the best opera he has ever produced.

"Il Birraio di Preston" boasts of the same libretto as Adolphe Adams's "Brasseur de Preston." The "brewer of Preston" is one Daniel Robinson, who in the Italian piece becomes "Daniele Robinsone." Daniel resembles his brother George in so striking a manner, that he is obliged to sing a certain air when he wishes to prove his identity to Effy, the young lady to whom he has pledged his faith.

Those who are not so well acquainted with our hero as the interesting Effy may be supposed to have been, and who have never heard the air which serves to distinguish him from his brother, may be readily excused when they mistake him for his brother George, who is an officer in the King's army. It so happens, then, that the brewer is mistaken for the officer (who had been suspected of desertion, when Daniel suddenly turned up), that he has to mount a war-horse, and that the chivalrous quadruped carries him into the thick of the fight, from which he emerges victorious and covered with glory. Then, as George has behaved rather badly to a young lady named Anna, it is Daniel, his counterpart, who is called upon to marry her; and when he appears to be on the point of doing so, in comes Effy.

Effy now finds out the real state of affairs; but it seems that George and Anna had never been on such intimate terms as the brewer and his betrothed. At all events Anna thinks Daniel really is George, and accordingly is very jealous when she finds him speaking in the most affectionate manner to Effy. Finally, Daniel (still mistaken for his brother) is ordered by his General—or rather by George's General—to marry Anna. Effy swoons; but when all seems lost, George, who had been a prisoner in Scotland, suddenly re-appears. Daniel puts on his brewer's clothes, sings the distinguishing air to Effy, who recovers, and all are made happy, except the critics, who go home and abuse Ricci's pretty, graceful music, because it is not original. And in truth it is not original, but those writers are extremely original who look for the rarest of all qualities in such unpretending works as "Il Birraio," and who, moreover, shut their eyes or their ears to other merits which it possesses in abundance. The opera was throughout successful, the singers being those we have already noticed, with the exception of a *débütant* named Raffaeili, who has a good voice but not much humour, and who appeared in the part of Daniel.

MR. LUMLEY, of her Majesty's Theatre, is giving a series of concerts in the principal cities of the Netherlands, with Mlle. Piccolomini, and the other chief members of his company.

A NEW DRAMA, termed "Nena Sahib; or, the Demon of India," written by "a gentleman of Pittsburgh," has appeared at a theatre in that "Saucy City."

MR. MACDONELL'S STATUE OF PITT is now placed upon its pedestal at the right hand side of the porch of St. Stephen's. One pedestal more is to be filled, and the twelve political apostles are then complete.

SAMUEL LOVER, autho of "Rory O'More," &c., has a new work in the press upon the Lynce of Ireland. His time of late years has been almost exclusively devoted to its compilation and annotation.

AN ORACULAR WALKING STICK.—The "Monitor" thinks it not undignified to narrate a long story about a walking stick, which, after many adventures in Poland and Russia, was by accident left all the other day, and breaking into two pieces (it was of a single cylinder of ivory), disclosed a billet written in 1815, the day of the execution of Colonel Labedoyere, to the following purport:—"This day, twenty-first year of the reign of Louis XVIII., this came into the hands of M. Lepage, armourer of the Emperor Napoleon. Though twice removed from France, he will re-appear in the person of his representative. The blood of Labedoyere cries for vengeance!"

WALKER'S EXPEDITION TO NICARAGUA.—Walker has started for Nicaragua, it appears, in a calm, orderly, and business-like way. The General himself, with his "staff" and three hundred men, left New Orleans in the mail-boat, ostensibly for Mobile. He had, however, pre-arranged an excellent plan, and was under no fear of interruption. As soon as the boat reached Mobile Bay, Walker and his men were transferred to a steamer in waiting and already supplied with arms and ammunition. The filibuster steamer immediately took her departure, and most people—Government officials always excepted—suppose that her destination is Nicaragua. On the morning of the same day that Walker left New Orleans, the steamer Fashion, heavily laden with arms, ammunition, and provisions, got away from the same port. She, too, cleared for Mobile, and, with all proper submission to the law, she allowed herself to be searched by a United States Marshal. No contraband goods were discovered—no Minie rifles, mortars, powder, shot, or other implements of war. No suspicious-looking characters were noticed on board, though the Fashion did actually carry away a large body of Walker's recruits. The rest were to follow under the guidance of General Henningsen and Captain Fassoux. Walker is fairly beyond the reach of interference from the United States, and we may expect shortly to hear of the commencement of hostilities in Central America. Costa Rica lately seized the whole of the San Juan River, and garrisoned its forts with her own men.

LAW AND CRIME.

AN important change in the law relating to the proof of wills and the grant of administration of intestates' effects, was made by an act of the last session of Parliament, and will probably come into operation on, or shortly after, the 1st of January next. By the first section of the act, the jurisdiction hitherto exercised in such matters by the ecclesiastical courts will cease, and will henceforth be carried on, like most of the other civil business of the country, in a rationally established court of law, of which the proceedings will be intelligible to most persons of educated faculties. The famous maxim of Mr. Spelbow, proctor, enunciated in "David Copperfield"—"Touch the commons, and you touch the country"—has been set at nought, and the very name of a proctor will be placed in a fair road to becoming antiquated as well as obsolete. A new court, entitled the Court of Probate, is to be forthwith established, and attorneys and barristers are to be entitled to practise therein. In matters where the estate of the deceased (otherwise than in freehold property) is under the value of £200, and where, moreover, the freehold property left amounts to less than £300 in value, the County Courts are to have jurisdiction in the determination of matters of dispute. It will thus be seen that in many instances the County Court will be competent to settle litigation as to estates just under £500, if the real or freehold and the personal assets be respectively under the sums above-mentioned—a selection which will just about include the average of English estates of persons deceased. It may be expected, however, that the judges of the County Courts will scarcely appreciate this benefit equally with the public, as no equivalent addition to their salaries appears to be authorised by the act which imposes upon them the extra duties contemplated. Already, in one or two acts which it is unnecessary to specify, have extended powers been granted to these unfortunate judges (who appear to be regarded by the Legislature as equal to almost any

amount of labour); and already have such extensions proved practically to be almost a dead letter, in consequence of the very pardonable unwillingness of these gentlemen to accept the onerous duties thus kindly conferred upon them for gratuitous disservice.

The "Sunday Times," a weekly newspaper, whose ingenious labours in the hopeless attempt to render sporting matters amusing are beyond all praise, had last week an article headed, "How do they make it out?" evidently aimed to prove the law as to betting, either stupid or incomprehensible. It was that in a late action, the plaintiff sought to recover a sum of money which he had lent to defendant, a betting man, to pay a wager lost upon a race. Defendant appears to have had the orthodox betting conscience, and was scrupulous in paying the money he had lost, repudiated the repayment of the sum borrowed for the purpose of a friend, and pleaded that it was not him, defendant, for an illegal purpose. Lord Campbell did not think the law did not forbid bets, although it did not enforce them, and he was, as incurred by parties entering into them. The "Sunday Times," regarding the memory of certain recent convictions, asks, "If the law does not enforce bets, how is it that the police do?" The answer is easy, and the reason clear. The law forbids offices to be established, and published notices of thoroughfares to be used for the purpose, a practice injurious alike to public policy, convenience, and honesty. A man may make bets as he may play at whist, with a friend privately; but the establishment of a public whist-office, or an assemblage of lazy sharpers shuffling cards in the streets, and inviting shop-boys, clerks, and stray rustics to "cut in" and be swindled, would be neither more nor less objectionable and illegal than the extinguished betting-houses, or the assemblages in our streets of the repulsive blacklegs, who vainly seek to evade the law as it at present stands.

In the case of Closs, a picture-dealer recently convicted and sentenced for forgery of the name of Mr. Linnell, an artist of reputation, to a copy of one of that gentleman's works, the Court of Queen's Bench decided that, in order legally to constitute a forgery, the fictitious signature must be in connection with a written document. Under the circumstances, an indictment for fraud might have been sustained, but the second count of the indictment intended to meet this offence, appears to have been incorrectly framed for this purpose. The conviction was therefore quashed.

In the matter of the Royal British Bank, it has been stated in the Court of Bankruptcy, by Mr. Linklater, the solicitor for the assignees, that he hoped in the course of another month that a further dividend of 6s. 6d. in the pound will be forthcoming. This payment, it is understood, is to be final, and to release the shareholders from further liability.

A bill discounter brought an action against a gentleman, well known from his connection with literature, and the cause was decided on Monday last. The drawer of the bill had obtained the defendant's signature to it, and had then taken it to a loan society, of which the plaintiff constituted, as was jokingly observed, "one-half." He never received the full amount of it (even less the discount), being put off with excuses until he himself became bankrupt, after having only received £6 on account of the acceptance for £21. Nevertheless, the discounter sued the acceptor for the full amount. The defendant, whose name we do not give, because we prefer not to parade private names unnecessarily in connection with subjects the interest of which consists in the circumstances, was happily courageous enough to defend the action, and succeeded, as the other "half" of the society had not joined in the action. We refer to the case, not so much on account of its own intrinsic facts, as of an illustration which it affords of the relative position of the man of talent, temporarily necessitous, and of the tempter too often at his elbow to supply him with a fictitious assistance. Every man who has mingled in what is termed "clever" society, could supply from among his acquaintances terrible warnings against the sad system of borrowing money from professed money-lenders, even when the money happens, as in this class of cases occurs less than in any other, to be actually lent. There exist in London men who speculate upon the fancies and necessities of rising young men—authors and artists especially. Every one of these, whom circumstances compel to rely exclusively upon his natural gifts and abilities, has to make acquaintance with poverty during the earlier portion of his career. Unless he maintain bravely and temperately the consequent struggle—if he yield to the allurements of the discounter's ready cash, he falls inevitably. From that period he becomes the bill-holder's slave. Renewals upon renewals, interest upon interest, premium upon premium, exhaust all his capital as fast as he acquires it, drive him to intoxication or the verge of insanity, and still maintain the original debt rather increased than diminished by repeated payment. He dare not possess a house, or it would be a mere house of call for the persecuting creditor. At the age when a man ought to be in the possession of his highest energy and faculties, his maturity finds him shattered in nerve, ruined in health, and demoralised in habits. Such has been the secret history of many who, guarded by wise counsel, and aided by timely assistance, might have been the pride and glory of their age and nation. This is the secret, the mystery hitherto unpublished, which lies at the foundation of the wild world which authors now delight in designating "Bohemia."

At Marlborough Street, a fellow who had attacked a pedestrian carrying a bundle, had knocked him down with a violent blow under the right ear (a stroke not unfrequently fatal), who had, upon the pedestrian, a though upon the ground, still resisting the attempted robbery, beaten him with such force that the blood flowed from his mouth and ears, was charged with the offence, and fined five pounds. So that the robber's punishment depends upon whether his vocation has been prosperous lately! If so, and five pounds be consequently no object to him, he can pay that sum and continue his ways; if not, he is to endure three months' imprisonment.

CONFESSION OF MURDER.

MORE than fifty years ago the body of a man was found wrapped in a brown sheet, lying near the foot of the old bridge, on the Melcombe Regis side of Weymouth Harbour. Death had evidently been caused by a blow on the head, which exhibited a severe fracture. Blood was traced from the spot across the bridge to a house situated in High Street, near Boot Lane, and which was then the only infamous house in the town. It was supposed that on the night of the murder the unfortunate man (whose name was Tilroyd Morgan, a jeweller and engraver, was at this house, in company with a farmer named Hardy, who resided at the village of Chickerell, but who died many years since. A quarrel arose between these men, which resulted in the murder of Morgan. The body of Morgan was wrapped up in a kind of sheet or sack, and was then placed on Hardy's horse, which was standing at the door of the house and taken to the bridge, the murderers intending to throw it into the water. In this it would seem they were baffled, for the night was dark, and several voices were heard, which thwarted their designs, and on landing at the Melcombe side they dropped their burden in the street.

Some of these facts were known at the time, and the woman who kept the house and her associates were arrested and tried for the murder, but the evidence failed, and they were acquitted. A few days ago died Priscilla Guppy, the last of the survivors of those supposed to be participants in the dreadful deed; she was upwards of ninety years of age. On her death bed, which is described as "truly frightful," she confessed that she was a participant in the murder, having beaten Morgan on the head with a flat piece of iron or heater, such as is used in ironing linen. She further states that when she was arraigned for trial she had the gold watch and chain of the murdered man concealed in her hair; and that after the commission of the crime Hardy went home to his own house, and immediately on entering put back the clock two hours. He retired to rest, and a short time afterwards awoke his servant, and told her to go down stairs and see what was the time. She of course did not know that the clock had been altered. This servant was brought forward on the trial, and testified to his being at home at the time the crime was supposed to have been committed; this led to his acquittal. The body of the murdered man was interred in the churchyard of St. Mary's Church, where at this day may be seen his tombstone, with the following inscription:—"This stone was erected by public subscription, in remembrance of the cruel murder committed on the body of Tilroyd Morgan, who lies here, on the 27th of April, 1792, aged 22."

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